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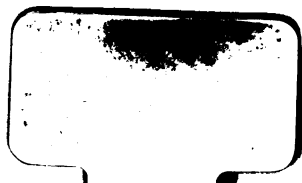
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STUDIES IN ELOCUTION:

ADAPTED AND ARRANGED

BY

THOMAS HARROWER, F.S.Sc., LOND.

ONE OF THE TEACHERS OF ELOCUTION TO GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.



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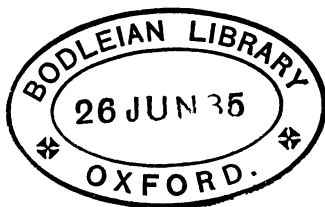
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1885.

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“ If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive ;
If from the soul the language does not come,
 In vain you strive—
Toil on for ever at set phrase of Elocution,
But never hope to stir the hearts of men
By words which come not native from the heart.”

—*Goethe.*



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P R E F A C E .



THESSE Studies have been published primarily for the use of my pupils.

Through the kindness of Authors and Publishers, to whom I am deeply indebted, I have been enabled to introduce a number of extracts from copyright works. The favour with which many of these recitals have been received on the platform, and the numerous enquiries made regarding them, embolden me to hope that their publication will be welcomed by students of Elocution generally.

It may naturally be expected that I should say something here about the principles of the art which I profess to teach. Excellence in the art of Elocution is conveyed, I take it, not so much by precept as by example, and very little importance is to be attached to written "Rules for correct Reading." With reference to the latter point, an eminent Reader (S. Brandram, M.A.), in a work of Elocution recently published, says,—“Much may be done by a good master in verbal communication with his pupil, but very little can be laid down rigidly by rule and in writing;” while a distinguished Teacher of Elocution (G W. Baynham, F.S.L.) affirms in his *Handbook of Elocution*, that,—“However useful certain Elocutionary problems may have been to some, they have never in one single instance helped him or any one of his pupils.”

What rules, let me ask, will help you to give expression, for example, to the pathos of “Enoch Arden,” or the

horrors of "Clarence's Dream?" You may raise your voice at every comma, sustain it at every semicolon, and lower it at every period; but, till you infuse into reading, FEELING, EXPRESSION, SOUL, no rules can ever raise you above the level of a merely mechanical reader.

To the student of Elocution I would say,—Work out an intelligent conception of your study; give to your conception life and form, by natural and appropriate modulation of voice, suggestive and vivid gesture, and by the expressive play of features; then, you are no longer shackled by the dead letter of rules;—the living spirit of FEELING, EXPRESSION, SOUL, being ever your best guide.

I am fully alive to the fact that voice, gesture, and facial expression must undergo a careful and arduous training before they can be made responsive to the ever-changing and subtle moods, emotions, passions; the true expression and embodiment of which mark the accomplished reader,—I only urge that that training should be prosecuted in a manner at once natural and intelligent, not artificial and automatic.

If a teacher of this art be free from any strongly marked mannerisms of voice and gesture, if he possesses "a power at once refined and strong of both perceiving and expressing to others the significance of language;" he may surely do much to foster in his pupils the elements of artistic excellence.

T. H.

GLASGOW, *May*, 1885.

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**STUDIES IN
MODULATION AND EMPHASIS.**

B

WHAT is Elocution? It is not anything pompous, stilted, bombastic, "stagey;" it is not anything pedantic, stiff, formal, unnatural;—It is "words spoken by the living human voice," with all its sympathetic powers of intonation, inflection, and modulation, delivered in perfectly audible, distinct, and pure English, enforced as far as possible by the expression of the countenance and gesture.—*C. J. Plumtre.*








How few can speak distinctly and clearly! With how many persons is their talk a something which combines a lisp, a mutter, a mumble, and a moan! Do you know amongst your friends ten persons who can read aloud really well?—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

By attending Elocution classes I learned to find out and correct many acquired awkward defects in voice and gesture—to be, in fact, natural—to acquire a command over my voice so as to suit its force and emphasis to the sense, and to express the feelings of surprise or grief, indignation or pity.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

By her keen perception of emphasis, and subtle modulation of voice, she was able to throw a glamour over even indifferent composition.—*Life of George Eliot.*

GUIDE TO MARKS OF INFLECTION, &c.



	Rising inflection.
	Falling inflection.
	Double inflection.
	Monotone.
	Swell.
	Swell and diminish.
	Vibration.

STUDIES IN MODULATION AND EMPHASIS.

THE BELLS.

I.

Light, clear, crisp tone.

Hear the sledges with the bells—silver bells!
 What a world of merriment, their melody foretells.
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy air of night,
 While the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens,
 Seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinabulation that so musically wells,
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Full mellow tone.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—golden bells!
 What a world of happiness, their harmony foretells.
 Through the balmy air of night, how they ring out their
 delight!
 From the molten-golden notes, what a liquid ditty floats,
 What a gush of euphony, voluminously wells!

How it swells! how it dwells on the future!
 How it tells, of the rapture that impels,
 To the swinging and the ringing,
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III.

Deep Monotone.

Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels.
 In the silence of the night how we shiver with affright,
 At the melancholy menace of their tone,
 For every sound that floats from the rust within their throats
 Is a groan!!
 And the people—Ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone!!
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling, on the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls!!
 And their king it is who tolls—

And he rolls—rolls—rolls—a pæan from the bells,
 And his bosom proudly swells with the pæan of the bells—
 And he dances—and he yells!!
 Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells!!
 To the throbbing of the bells!!
 To the sobbing of the bells!!
 To the rolling of the bells!!
 To the tolling of the bells!!
 To the moaning—and the groaning
 Of the bells!!!

—E. A. Poe.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more
 From these our interviews ; in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with thy shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave ; unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown !

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests !—in all time—
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm ;
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of eternity !—the throne
 Of the Invisible ! Each zone
 Obeys thee ! Thou goest forth, dread ! fathomless ! alone !

Honesty is the best policy ; but the man who is honest
 because it is the best policy, is no better than a rogue.

The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a
 Heaven of Hell—a Hell of Heaven.

O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence ; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the nights like stars,
And with their mild persistence, urge man's search
To vaster issues.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave :
And the sea yawned around her like a hell ;
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed
Louder than the loud ocean—like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash

Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

It was before Deity, embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the Cross ; that the prejudices of the Synagogue, the doubts of the Academy, the pride of the Portico, the fasces of the Lictor, and the swords of thirty legions were humbled in the dust.

. Thy bright image,
 Glasped in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils
 By which man masters men ! For thee, I grew
 A midnight student o'er the dreams of Sages ;
 For thee, I sought to borrow from each Grace
 And every Muse, such attributes as lend
 Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
 And Passion taught me poesy ; of thee,
 And on the painter's canvas grew the life
 Of beauty !—Art became the shadow

Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes.
 Men called me vain—some mad—I heeded not,
 But still toiled on—hoped on;—for it was sweet,
 If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primeval earth; its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour of the empyrean; while the great authors, who, for ages, have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and Heaven.

The reason why borrowed books are seldom returned, is because it is easier to retain the books themselves than what is inside them.

What is unseen forms the real value of a library. The type, the paper, the binding, are all visible; but the soul that conceived it, the mind that arranged it, the hand that wrote it, the associations which cling to it, are the invisible links of a long chain of thought, effort, history, which make the book what it is.

To define the charm of *style*, is as difficult as to define the charm of *beauty* or of fine *manners*; it is not *one* thing, it is the result of a *hundred* things.

Beneath the rule of men *entirely* great,
 The *pen* is *mightier* than the *sword*;
Laws die; *Books* never.

For *us*, along the great highways of time, those monuments stand—those forms of majesty and beauty; for *us*, those beacons burn through all the *nights*. Some, *far-off* and *veiled*; others, *nearer* and *visible*; Dante, *stalking* with *lean* *form*; Angelo, and the great *painters*, *architects*, *musicians*; Shakespeare, *rich*, *luxuriant* as the *sun*. Of these, and the like of these, is it *too* much to view them as *orbs*, moving in *free* paths athwart the spaces of that *other* heaven, the *cosmic* intellect, the *soul*?

Will you go and gossip with your *stable* boy, when you may talk with *kings* and *queens*? When, all the *while*, this *eternal* court is *open* to you, with its *society*, *wide* as the *world*, *multitudinous* as its *days*, the *chosen* and the *mighty* of *every* *place* and *time*? Do you ask to be the companion of *nobles*? Make yourself *noble*, and you shall be. Do you *long* for the conversation of the *wise*? Learn to under-

stand it, and you shall hear it. But on no other terms? No! If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you; but here, we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts, if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognise our presence.

Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. These are the old friends who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry; in the dead there is no change.

Then, none was for a party;
 Then, all were for the State;
 Then, the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great;
 Then, lands were fairly portioned,
 Then, spoils were fairly sold;
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad ;
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 " An honest man's the noblest work of God."

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent ;
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !

Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears—soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Look how the floor of Heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion, like an angel, sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

If you had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour to retain the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy—rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend—
 This above all—to thine ownself be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express
and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension,
how like a God!!

If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it
will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness
is all.

Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a
camel?

By the Mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Methinks it is like a weasel?

It is backed like a weasel.

Or like a whale?

Very like a whale.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot.
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich—
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?
 Oh, no, good Kate, neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death.

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To guard a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Men at some time are masters of their fates ;
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar—What should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.—
 Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus ; and we—petty men—
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ;
 and be silent, that you may hear ; believe me for mine

honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer—Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him—as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it—as he was valiant, I honour him—but—as he was ambitious, I slew him.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones—
So let it be with Cæsar.

The noble Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so it was a grievous fault.
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it—
He was my friend, faithful and just to me,
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept—

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And sure, he is an honourable man.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
 You may as well forbid the mountain-pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of Heaven ;
 You may as well do—anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?
 His Jewish heart.

Seems, madam ! Nay, it is—I know not seems.
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem ;
 For they are actions that a man might play ;
 But I have that within, which passeth show,
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Use every man according to his desér, and who shall escape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity; the less they deserve, the more mérit is in your bounty.

O Sleep! O gentle Sleep!
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude!
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy?
 And what have kings, that private men have not;
 Save Ceremony! save general Ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
 O Ceremony! show me but thy worth?

Be sick, great Greatness,
 And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure !
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the fiery fever to go out ?
 No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose ;
 I am a king that find thee ; and I know
 'Tis not the balm—the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestic,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave—
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, and all night sleeps in Elysium—
 And, but for Ceremony—such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

 Men's evil manners live in brass,
 Their virtues we write in water—
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;

Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
 But, to those men that sought him,—

Sweet as summer.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little.
 And to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

I am hurt—A plague o' both your houses !

I am sped—Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much !

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-
 door ; but 'tis enough ; 'twill serve—

Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave
 man—I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world.

A plague o' both your houses !

'Zounds ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to
 death—

A plague o' both your houses.

They have made worm's meat of me—I have it, and
 soundly too— Your houses !!

Is it not monst'rous, that this play'er here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That from her working all his visage wann'd ;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice, and all for nothing !

Dost thou come here to whine ?
 To outface me by leaping in her grave ?
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of mountains—let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart—Nay, an' thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou !

To be, or not to be,—that is the question :—
 Whether 'tis nobler, in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune :
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?—to die,—to sleep—
 No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to ;—'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished!—To die—to sleep :—
To sleep! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause! There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,

With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

The quality of mércy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle raín from heaven
 Upon the place beneath ; it is twice bless'd ;—
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The thronéd monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;—
 But mércy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthronéd in the héarts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;—
 And earthly power doth then shew likést God's
 When mércy seasons justice.

**STUDIES IN
THE BIBLE AND HYMNAL.**

*STUDIES IN THE BIBLE AND
HYMNAL.*

PSALM XXIII.

THE LÓRD is my shepherd ; I sháll not wánt. He maketh me to lie down in grēen pástures ; He leadeth me beside the stíll wáters. He restóreth my soul ; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His namé's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shádów of deáth, I will fear nó evil ; for Thóu art with me ; Thy ród and Thy stáff they comófort me. Thou preparést a táble before me, in the présénce of mine enémies ; thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth óver. Súrely goodóness and mércy shall follów me, all the dáys of my life ; and I will dwell in the hóuse of the LÓRD for éver.

PART OF ISAIAH XL.

COMÓFORT ye, comófort ye, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comófortably to Jerúsalem, and cry unto her, that her waráfare is accómplished, that her iníquity is párdoned ; for she hath received of the LÓRD's hands dóuble, for all her sins. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert, a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The voice said—Cry! And he said—What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof, is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever. O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the Cities of Judah—Behold your God!

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted

out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? All nations before Him are as nothing; they are counted to Him less than nothing, and vanity. To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings, as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

MATT. VI. 19-34.

LAY not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall

be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek); for your

Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

I COR. XIII.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth—beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail;

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whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part, shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face ; now I know in part ; but then shall I know, even as also I am known. And now abideth, faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

LUKE XV. 11-32.

AND he said, a certain man had two sons ; and the younger of them said to his father, Father give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country ; and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land ; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country ; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat : and no man

gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said : How many hired servants of my father's, have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him—Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants,—Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet : And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it ; and let us eat and be merry : For this, my son, was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field ; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant? And he said unto him, thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in : therefore came his father out,

and entreated him. And he, answering, said to his father —Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet, thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: But as soon as this, thy son, was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him, the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this, thy brother, was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

I COR. XV. 51—57.

BEHOLD, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, (for the trumpet shall sound,) and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible, must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

PSALM C.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
 Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
 Without our aid, He did us make,
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise !
 Approach with joy His courts unto !
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.
 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

"They rest not day and night saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty ! which was, and is, and is to come."

HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 Early in the morning, our song shall rise to Thee ;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty !
 God in Three persons,—blessed Trinity !

Hòly, hòly, hòly ! all the saínts adòre Thee,
 Cásting down their gòlden crowns around the glássy sea,
 Cherubim and Seraphim, fálling down before Thee,
 Which wért, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Hòly, hòly, hòly, though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man, Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thóu art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Hòly, hòly, hòly ! Lord God Almighty !
 Áll Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky,
 and sea,
 Hòly, hòly, hòly ! merciful and mighty,
 Góð in Three persons,—blessed Trinity.

—*Bishop Heber.*

“When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.”

OUR blést Redeēmer, ere he breathed
 His tender, last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft, as the breath of even,
 That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see ;
 O make our hearts, Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
 Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ;
 All praise to God, the Three in One,
 The One in Three.

— *W. Außer.*

“Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.”

BE still, my soul ; the Lord is on thy side ;
 Bear patiently, thy cross of grief and pain ;
 Leave to thy God, to order and provide ;
 In every change, He faithful will remain.
 Be still, my soul ; thy best, thy heavenly friend
 Through thorny ways, leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul ; thy God doth undertake
 To guide the future, as He has the past.
 Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake,
 All now mysterious, shall be bright at last.
 Be still, my soul ; the waves and winds shall know
 His voice, that ruled them, while he dwelt below.

Be still, my soul ; when dearest friends depart,
 And all is darkened, in the vale of tears,
 Then thou shalt better know His love, His heart,
 Who comes to soothe thy sorrow, and thy fears.
 Be still, my soul ; thy Jesus can repay
 From His own fulness, all He takes away.

Be still, my soul ; the hour is hastening on
 When we shall be for ever, with the Lord ;

When disappointment, grief, and fear, are gone,
 Sorrow, forgot, love's purest joys, restored.
 Be still, my soul ; when change and tears are past,
 All safe and blessed, we shall meet at last.

—Schmolck (Translator).

“ Be not afraid, only believe.”

MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine ;
 Now hear me, while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away,
 O let me, from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace, impart
 Strength, to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire ;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide.

Bid darkness, turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distrust, remove ;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

—*R. Palmer.*

“A light unto my path.”

LEAD, kindly light ! amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on ;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on ;
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene ; one step, enough for me.
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;

I love to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on ;
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will—Remember not past years.

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn, those angel-faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—*J. W. Newman.*

PARAPHRASE XXXV.

'Twas on that night, when doom'd to know
 The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
 That night in which he was betray'd,
 The Saviour of the world took bread :
 And, after thanks and glory, giv'n
 To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
 That symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his followers spoke :

My broken body thus I give
 For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
 And oft the sacred rite renew,
 That brings my wondrous love to view.
 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
 And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.

My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
 To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
 In this the covenant is seal'd,
 And Heaven's eternal grace reveal'd.
 With love to man this cup is fraught,
 Let all partake the sacred draught;
 Through latest ages let it pour,
 In mem'ry of my dying hour.

STUDIES IN
PULPIT ORATORY.

A CLERGYMAN once asked a celebrated actor why it was that he could fill his theatre nightly, and keep his audience spell-bound ; while he, the clergyman, had to preach to almost empty pews, and a listless congregation?

“The reason,” said the actor, “is, that you speak *fact*, as if it were *fiction*; while I speak *fiction*, as if it were *fact*.”

“And He went up into the mountain to pray.” As he gave out the text, it seemed to me as if the sounds had echoed from the depths of the human heart ; and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe.—*Hazlitt*.

STUDIES IN PULPIT ORATORY.

EXTRACTS FROM "ETERNAL HOPE."

(By kind permission of the Author.)

FROM SERMON I.

IT is perfectly easy for a man to say, if he will, "I do not believe in God."

We can pluck the meanest flower of the hedgerow, and point to the exquisite perfection of its structure, the tender delicacy of its loveliness; we may pick up the tiniest shell upon the shore, so delicate that a touch would crush it, and yet a miracle of rose and pearl, of lustrous iridescence and fairy arabesque, and ask the atheist if he feels seriously certain that these things are but the accidental outcome of self-evolving laws. We can take him under the canopy of night, and show him the stars of heaven, and ask him whether he holds them to be nothing more than "shining illusions of the night, golden lies in dark-blue nothingness." Or we may appeal to the inner voices of his being, and ask whether *they* have no message to tell him. But if he deny or reject such arguments as these; if he demand a kind of proof which is impossible, and which God has withheld, seeing that it is a law, that spiritual things can only be spiritually

discerned, and that we walk by faith and not by sight—if, in short, a man will not see God, because clouds and darkness are round about Him, then, we can do no more. He must believe or not believe, as seems him best. We cannot argue about colour to the blind; we cannot prove the glory of music to the deaf.

That the blush of morning is fair; that the quietude of grief is sacred; that the heroism of conscience is noble, who will undertake to *prove* to one who does not see it? So wisdom, beauty, holiness, are immeasurable things, appreciable by pure perception, but which no rule can gauge, no argument demonstrate.

Let us get near to God by faith and prayer, and we shall break with one of our fingers, through the brain-spun meshes of these impotent negations. And when we believe in Him whom we have not seen, all else follows. We believe that He did not befool with irresistible longings, that He did not deceive with imaginary hopes, the man whom He had made. We believe that the breath of life which came from Him shall not pass away. We believe that He sent His Son to die for us, and to save us. We believe that because He lives, we shall live also. We believe; we are content.

In this belief, which we believe that *He* inspireth, we shall console ourselves amid all the emptiness and sorrow of life; we shall advance, calm and happy, to the very grave and gate of death.

FROM SERMON II.

LIFE is not all darkness ; it has its crimson dawns, its rosy sunsets. It is not all clouds ; it has its silvery embroideries, its radiant glimpses of heaven's blue. It is not all winter ; it has its summer days, on which " it is a luxury to breathe the breath of life."

" Life has its May, and all is joyous then ;
The woods are vocal, and the winds breathe music,
The very breeze has mirth in it."

Ask the happy little child, with its round cheeks, and bright eyes, and flaxen curls, and pure sweet face ; ask the happy boy, tingling with life to the finger-tips, making the fields ring with his glad voice on summer holidays, when " the boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long ;" ask soldiers, in the hour of victory ; ask great thinkers, when some immortal truth bursts upon them ; ask the happy band, who gather in the yet unbroken circle round the Christmas hearth ; at such times, perhaps, all these will be inclined to tell you life *is* worth living. . . .

But when swiftly, imperceptibly, boyhood and youth are over, and manhood with all its cares is upon us, and we step forth into the thorny wilderness ; when the splendid vision fades into the light of common day ; when the brilliant ideals, and innocent enthusiasms of early years have been smirched, and vulgarised, and dimmed ; when not one single ray of illusion, or of enchantment rests, were it but for one instant, over the bleak hills and barren wilderness of

life ;—worn men, and weary women—ye who must work, and ye who must weep—how is it with us then ?

Is there one of us, who has not known the throbbing head, the aching nerve, the sleepless night ? Is there no household, whose graves have been scattered far and wide ? No father, who has seen the dust sprinkled over the golden head of his dear little child ? No mother, whose heart has not ceased to ache, since death plucked her “wee white rose ?” No lonely man, whose circle has ever narrowed and narrowed, and whose path in life has been marked by the gravestones of his early friends ?

“ Alas ! for man, if this were all,
And nought beyond, oh earth ! ”

If you ask me whether life without God in the world, and no hope beyond, is worth living, I answer, No ! nor is it I only who say it, but all the best, and greatest, and wisest of mankind.

I am well aware that they who would rob us of all our hopes ; who would change our God into a struggle of careless forces, or a complexity of impersonal laws ; who would turn all creation for us into a mask, with no living face behind it, or a hollow eyesocket, in which no eye of love or mercy ever shone,—I know that they tell us that all this makes no difference, and offer us, for God, I know not what goddess of humanity ; and I know not what “posthumous activity,” for a life beyond the grave. We do not need these sham gods, and mock eternities ; and as for the world, if

religion fail to save it from wickedness, God only knows what atheism will do.

But, when it is touched by one ray out of God's eternity, how does this blank materialism—this grotto of icicles, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—melt into mud and nothingness! How does this glaring metal Colossus, with its golden head of intellectualism, tumble into impotency, when the rock of faith smites it, on its feet of miry clay!

But let but one whisper of God's voice thrill the deafened sense; let but one gleam of God's countenance flash on the blinded eyes; let His hand hold forth to us but one green leaf from the Tree of Life; and how is all changed!

Is life worth living, then? ay, indeed, life is infinitely worth living, and death is infinitely worth dying; for to live is Christ, and to die is gain; to live, is to have faith in God, and to die, is to be with Him for evermore.

FROM SERMON IV.

THE consequences of sin are *inevitable*; the punishment of sin is *impartial*. There is a form of self-deception common to all of us, by which we admit this general law, but try to shirk its personal, individual application.

It is the old, old story of Eden over again, in the case of every one of us; the serpent, creeping up to us, all glitter and fascination, all dulcet flattery and sinuous glide, whispering,

“See the fruit, how fair it is ; how much to be desired ; be as a god knowing good and evil ; thou shalt not surely die ;” and so the boy and the youth, healthy, and bright, and gay, and even, in his folly, the grown man believes that it shall not be so with *him* ; that *he* is the darling of Providence, *he* the favourite of Heaven, *he* the one who may sin, and shall not suffer. If *others* handle pitch, *they* shall be defiled ; if *others* take fire into their bosom, *they* shall be burned ; but God will indulge *him* ; out of special favour to *him*, “this adamant chain of moral gravitation, more lasting and binding than that by which the stars are held in their spheres, will be snapped ; that sin for him will change its nature,” and at his approach, the Gehenna of punishment be transformed into a garden of delight.

Is it so ? Has there been any human being yet, since time began, however noble, however gifted, who has sinned with impunity ?

No ! God is no respecter of persons. Fire burns, and water drowns, whether the sufferer be a worthless villain, or a fair and gentle child ; and so the *moral* law works, whether the sinner be a “David or a Judas, whether he be publican or priest.”

In the *physical* world, there is no forgiveness of sins. “Sin and punishment walk this world with their heads tied together ;” and the rivet that links their iron link is a rivet of adamant.

Yes, the punishment of sin *is* inevitable and impartial ; there is a frightful resemblance between the penalty and the

transgression ; an awful germ of identity in the seed and in the fruit. We recognise the sown wind in the harvest whirlwind. It needs no gathered lightning, no divine intervention, no miraculous message, to avenge in us God's violated laws. They avenge *themselves*. Sin coming after men, with leaden footsteps, and gathering form, and towering over them, smites them at last with the iron hand of its *own* revenge.

As there are some men whose sins are open, going before to judgment—so there are some men whose sins follow after. There are men everywhere—who ever, as they walk through life, hear footsteps behind them—on whom the stars seem to look down as spies—men, whose faces blanch if they be suddenly accosted—who tremble, if a steady gaze be fixed upon them—who never again, in this world, shall sleep the sleep of the innocent—for whom the “furies have taken their seats upon the midnight pillow.”

Have none of you felt the working of this law? Have you known, but for one hour, what it is to be utterly, miserably, intolerably ashamed of yourself? It is the glare of illumination which the conscience flings over the soul after a deed of darkness. It is the revulsion of feeling on which we did not calculate, when we have done with the sin, but the sin has not done with us. It is the Dead Sea apple, shrivelling into hideousness the moment it has been tasted. It is the horror of the murderer, when his passion of revenge is spent, and the cold grey dawn reveals the face of his murdered victim !

But *let* conscience, for a time, be dead ; *let* life, for years, be prosperous ; *let* there be no intervention, no sickness, no detection, no shame even ; no fear, no outward and visible punishment of any kind. Does sin escape, *then* ? Is the sinner happy, *then* ? Nay ! this is God's worst, severest punishment ; " Ephraim is joined to idols, *let him alone* ! "

Let *sin* be the deadliest executioner, the most merciless avenger of sin. Let the acute pang become the chronic malady ; let the thought become the wish, and the wish the act, and the act the habit. Let the solitary become the frequent, the frequent the incessant. Let *crime* awake him ! Let greed become theft and swindling ; let ambition become conspiracy ; let hatred become murder. Ah ! when God sends forth a *besetting sin*, a *guilty habit*, to be His executioner, the case is most awful, most hopeless then ; God only, by Christ's redemption, can save from the body of that death.—*Farrar*.

THE LONELINESS OF CHRIST.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & Co.*)

THERE are two kinds of solitude ; the first, insulation in space, the other, isolation of the spirit. The first is simply separation by distance. When we are seen, touched, heard by none, we are said to be alone. But this is not solitude ; for sympathy can people our solitude with a crowd. The

fisherman on the ocean alone at night, is not alone, when he remembers the earnest longings which are rising up to Heaven at home for his safety. The traveller is not alone, when the faces that will greet him on his arrival, seem to beam upon him as he trudges on. The solitary student is not alone, when he feels that human hearts, will respond to the truths he is preparing to address to them.

The *other* is loneliness of soul. There are times when hands touch ours, but only send an icy chill of unsympathising indifference to the heart; when eyes gaze into ours, but with a glazed look, which cannot read into the depths of our souls; when words pass from our lips, but only come back as an echo reverberated without reply, through a dreary solitude; when the multitude throng and press us, and we cannot say, as Christ said, "Somebody hath *touched me*;" for the contact has been, not between soul and soul, but only between form and form.

To the superficial observer, Christ's life was a mass of inconsistencies and contradictions. The Pharisees could not comprehend how a holy Teacher, could eat with publicans and sinners. His own brethren could not reconcile His assumption of a public office, with the privacy which He aimed at keeping; and hence it was, that He lived to see all that acceptance, which had marked the earlier stage of His career, melt away. First the Pharisees took the alarm; then the Sadducees; then the people. *That* was the most terrible of all; for the enmity of the *upper* classes is impotent; but when the cry of *brute force* is stirred from the

deeps of society, as deaf to the voice of reason, as the ocean in its strength, churned into raving foam by the winds. The heart of mere *earthly* oak quails before that; the Apostles, at all events, *did* quail. One denied; another betrayed: all deserted. They "were scattered, each to his own;" and the Truth Himself was left alone, in Pilate's judgment-hall.

There is a moment in every true life—to some it comes very early—when the old routine of duty is not large enough—when the parental roof seems too low, because the Infinite above, is arching over the soul—when the old formulas seem to be too narrow, and they must either be thrown aside, or else transformed into living, breathing realities. That is a lonely, lonely moment, when the young soul, *first* feels God—when this earth is recognised as an "awful place, yea, the very gate of Heaven"—when the dream-ladder is seen planted against the skies, and we wake, and the dream haunts us, as a sublime reality.

The Redeemer's soul was alone in dying. The hour had come—they were all gone, and He was, as He predicted, left alone. All that is human, drops from us in that hour. Human faces flit and fade, and the sounds of the world become confused. "I shall die alone." There is a feeble and sentimental way, in which we speak of the man of sorrows. We turn to the Cross, the agony, the loneliness, to touch the softer feelings, to arouse compassion. You degrade *that* loneliness by your compassion. Compassion! compassion for Him! Respect, reverence, adore if you

will—but no pity. In that single human bosom, dwelt the Thought, which was to be the germ of the world's life ! Can you not feel the grandeur of those words, when the Man, reposing on His solitary strength, felt the last shadow of perfect isolation pass across his soul : “ My God, my God, why hast *Thou* forsaken me ? ”

Even in *human* things, the strength that is in a man, can be only learnt when he is thrown upon his own resources, and left alone. What a man can do in conjunction with *others*, does not test the man. Tell us what he can do *alone*. It is *one* thing to defend the truth, when you know that your hearers are already prepossessed, and that every argument will meet a willing response ; it is *another* thing to hold the truth, when truth must be supported, if at all, alone—met by cold looks, and unsympathising suspicion. It is one thing to rush on to danger, with the shouts and the sympathy of numbers ; it is another thing, when the lonely chieftain of the sinking ship, sees the last boatful disengage itself, and folds his arms, to go down into the majesty of darkness, crushed, but not subdued.

This is self-reliance—to repose calmly on the thought which is deepest in our bosoms, and be unmoved, if the world will not accept it. To live on your own convictions *against* the world, is to overcome the world—*that* is independence. It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and *there* live upon your own convictions ; it is not difficult to mix with men, and follow *their* convictions—but to enter into the world, and there live out firmly and

fearlessly according to your *own conscience*—that is Christian greatness.

There is a cowardice in this age, which is not Christian. We shrink from the consequences of truth. We ask what *men* will think—what others will *say*—whether they will not stare in astonishment. Perhaps they will ; but he who is calculating that, will accomplish nothing in this life. The Father—the Father who is with us, and in us—what does *He* think? A man is got some way in the Christian life, when he has learned to say humbly and yet majestically, “I dare to be alone.”—*F. W. Robertson.*

GOD IS LOVE.

WHERE shall we go for manifestations of the tenderness, the sympathy, the benignity of God? The Philosopher of this world leads us to Nature, its benevolent final causes, and kind contrivances to increase the sum of animal happiness ; and there he stops—with *half* his demonstration ! But the Apostle leads us to the Gift, bestowed by the Father, for the recovery of man’s intellectual and moral nature, and to the Cross, endured by the Son, on this high behalf. Go to the heavens, which canopy man with grandeur, cheer his steps with successive light, and mark his festivals by their chronology ; go to the atmosphere, which invigorates his spirits,

and is to him the breath of life ; go to the smiling fields, decked with verdure for his eye, and covered with fruits for his sustenance ; go to every scene which spreads beauty before his gaze, which is made harmoniously vocal to his ear, which fills and delights the imagination, by its glow or by its greatness : we travel with you, we admire with you, we feel and enjoy with you, we adore with you,—but we stay not with you. We hasten onwards, in search of a demonstration *more* convincing, that “God is love :” we rest not till we press into the strange, the mournful, the joyful scenes of Calvary ; and amidst the throng of invisible and astonished angels, weeping disciples, and the mocking multitude, under the arch of the darkened heaven, and with earth trembling beneath our feet, we gaze upon the meek, the resigned, but fainting Sufferer ; and exclaim, “Herein is love !”—herein, and *nowhere else*, is it so affectingly, so unequivocally, demonstrated,—“not that *we* loved God, but that *God* loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.”—*Watson*.

“LOVE ONE ANOTHER.”

WOULD you make men' trustworthy? *Trust* them. Would you make men true? *Believe* them.

This was the real force of that sublime battle-cry, which no Englishman hears without emotion. When the sailors of the British fleet, knew that they were *expected* to do their

duty, they *did* their duty. They went to serve a country which *expected* from them great things, and they *did* great things. Those pregnant words raised an enthusiasm for the man who had *trusted* them, which a double line of hostile ships, could not appal, nor decks drenched in blood, extinguish.

On this principle, Christ wins the hearts of His redeemed. He trusted the doubting Thomas; and the doubter arose with a faith worthy of "his Lord and his God." He would not suffer even the lie of Peter, to shake His conviction that Peter might love Him yet; and Peter answered nobly, to that sublime forgiveness. His last prayer, was in extenuation and hope, for the Race who had rejected Him.

Come what may, hold fast to love. Learn the new commandment of the Son of God; not to love merely, but to love *as He loved*. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it; we win by tenderness; we conquer by forgiveness. Go forth in this spirit to your life duties; go forth, soldiers of the Cross, and win victories for God, by the conquering power of a love like His.

—*Robertson.*

STUDIES IN PROSE.

STUDIES IN PROSE.

ON STUDY.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For, expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of, particulars, one by one; but the general councils, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learnèd. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded-in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use,—but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read,—not to contradict and refute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse,—but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is,

some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read—but not curiously ; and some few, to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts of them made by others ; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else, distilled books are like common distilled waters,—flashy things. Reading, maketh a full man ; conference, a ready man ; and writing, an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a present wit ; if he confer little, he had need have a good memory ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to *seem* to know, what he doth not.—*Lord Bacon.*

A WILD NIGHT AT SEA.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL.*)

A DARK and dreary night : people nestling in their beds, or circling late about the fire ; Want, colder than Charity, shivering at the street corners ; church-towers, humming with the faint vibration of their own tongues, but newly resting from the ghostly preachment—" One ! " The earth, covered with a sable pall, as for the burial of Yesterday ; the clumps of dark trees,—its giant plumes of funeral feathers—waving sadly to and fro : all hushed, all noiseless, and in deep repose, save the swift clouds that skim across the moon ;

and the cautious wind, as, creeping after them upon the ground, it stops to listen, and goes rustling on, and stops again, and follows, like a savage on the trail.

Whither go the clouds and winds so eagerly? If, like guilty spirits, they repair to some dread conference with powers like themselves, in what wild region do the elements hold council, or where unbend in terrible disport?

Here! Free from that cramped prison called the earth, and out upon the waste of waters. Here, roaring, raging, shrieking, howling, all night long. Hither come the sounding voices, from the caverns on the coast of that small island, sleeping, a thousand miles away, so quietly, in the midst of angry waves; and hither, to meet them, rush the blasts, from unknown desert places of the world. Here, in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other; until the sea, lashed into passion like their own, leaps up in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is whirling madness.

On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space, roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is now the one, is now the other; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggling, ending in a spouting up of foam that whitens the black night; incessant change of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing but eternal strife; on, on, on they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices

in the sea—when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, “A ship!”

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts, trembling, and her timbers, starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water, cries more loudly yet, “A ship!”

Still she comes striving on: and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look: and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks, can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break, and round her surge and roar; and, giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments, in their baffled anger: still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her, all the night, and dawn of day, discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship, in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep: as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink; and no downward seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.—*Dickens.*

MY LIBRARY.

I GO into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I see the pyramids building! I hear the shouts of the armies of Alexander; what kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven! what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors! Across brawling centuries of blood and war, I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels. I see Isaac in the fields at even-tide, Esau's face reddened by desert sun heat! O men and women, so far separated, yet so near; so strange, yet so well-known, by what miraculous power do I know ye all? Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse. The wit of the ancient world is glancing and flashing there. I call myself a solitary, but no man sees more company than I do. I am a sovereign in my library, but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees.—*Alex. Smith.*

ON THE STAGE.

To efficiency in the art of acting, there should be delicate instincts of tastes cultivated; there should be a power at once refined and strong, of both perceiving and expressing to others the significance of language, so that neither shades nor masses of meaning—so to speak, may be either lost or

exaggerated. Above all, there should be a sincere and abounding sympathy with all that is good, and great, and inspiring.

To the thoughtful, and reading man, the stage brings the life, the fire, the colour, the vivid instinct, which are beyond the reach of study; to the common, indifferent man, it brings visions of glory and adventure, it gives him glimpses of the heights and depths of character, and experience. To all, it uncurtains a world—a world in which interest is heightened, and yet the conditions of truth are observed.

The love of acting, is inherent in our nature. Watch your children play, and you will see, that almost their first conscious effort is to act and to imitate. It is an instinct, and you can no more repress it, than you can extinguish thought.

An actor's work is hard—intensely laborious—feverish and dangerously exciting. It is all this even when successful. In our art we strive to embody some conception of our poets, or to revive some figure in history. We win if we can. If we fail, we have only "our shame and the odd hints," and, whether we fail or not, the breath of applause, and the murmurs of censure, are alike short-lived; and our longest triumphs, are almost as brief as either.

Such a life should be solaced by the thoughtfulness, brightened by the encouragement, softened by the liberal estimation of the public, in place of being held at arm's length, by social prejudice, or embittered by uncharitable censoriousness.

Upon our studies, our devotion, our enthusiasm must depend thoughts and emotions, which no literary tradition can pass down to the future. The living voice, the vivid action, the tremulous passion, the subtle suggestion of meaning and character; these alone can make Shakespeare to your children, what Shakespeare is to you.

If you will uphold the stage honestly, frankly, and with wise discrimination, the stage will uphold in the future, as it has done in the past, the literature, the manners, the morals, and the fame of our country.—*Henry Irving.*

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

AMID the chaos and conflagration which attended the close of the last century, there arose one of those beings who seem to be born to master mankind. It is not too much to say, that Napoleon combined the imperial ardour of Alexander, with the strategy of Hannibal. The kings of the earth *fell* before his fury and subtle genius; and at the head of all the powers of Europe, he denounced destruction against the only land that dared disobey him, and be free.

The same year which gave to France the Emperor Napoleon, produced also for us the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke of Wellington has left to his countrymen a great legacy—greater even than his fame; he has left to

them the contemplation of his character. He has inspired public life with a purer and more masculine tone; he has rebuked by his career, restless vanity, and regulated the morbid susceptibility of irregular egotism. I do not believe there is one amongst us, from the highest to the lowest, who may not experience moments of doubt and depression, when the image of Wellington will occur to his memory, and he find in his example support and solace.

Although he lived so much in the mind and heart of the people—although at the end of his long career, he occupied such a prominent position, and filled such august offices—no one seemed to be conscious of what a space he occupied in the thoughts and feelings of his countrymen, until he died. The influence of true greatness was never, perhaps, more completely asserted, than in his decease.

In an age in which the belief in intellectual equality flatters much our self-complacency, every one suddenly acknowledges, that the world has lost its foremost man. In an age of utility, the most busy and the most common-sense people in the world, find no vent for their woe, no representation for their sorrow, but the solemnity of a pageant; and we, who are assembled here for purposes so different, we offer to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle—the spectacle of a Senate mourning a hero.—*Beaconsfield.*

STUDIES IN POETRY.

STUDIES IN POETRY.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport ;
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the Court :
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for
whom he sighed ;

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams—a wind went
with their paws ;

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one
another,

Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous
smother ;

The gory foam above the bars came whizzing through the air ;
Said Francis then, " Faith ! gentlemen, we're better here
than there ! "

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king,—a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed
the same.

She thought, "The Count my lover is brave as brave can be—
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me :
King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is divine !
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love : great glory will be mine !"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him
and smiled ;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild.

The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regained his
place,—

Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's
face !

"In truth," cried Francis, "rightly done !" and he rose from
where he sat,

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that !"

—*Leigh Hunt.*

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west !
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broad-sword, he weapon had none ;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone !
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river, where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented!—the gallant came late!—
For, a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word—
“O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?—
Or to dance at our bridal?—young Lord Lochinvar!”

“I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!—
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!”

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh—
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace !
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume ;
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar ! "

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
" She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur !
They'll have fleet steeds that follow ! " quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea—
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast, as through an Alpine village, passed a youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, a banner with the strange device, Excelsior! His brow was sad; his eye beneath, flashed like a falchion from its sheath; and like a silver clarion rung the accents of that unknown tongue, "Excelsior!" In happy homes, he saw the light of household fires gleam warm and bright; above, the spectral glaciers shone; and from his lips escaped a groan, "Excelsior!" "Try not the pass!" the old man said; dark lowers the tempest overhead; the roaring torrent is deep and wide! and loud that clarion voice replied, "Excelsior!" "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest thy weary head upon this breast!" A tear stood in his bright blue eye, but still he answered with a sigh, "Excelsior!" "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch! Beware the awful avalanche!" This was the peasant's last Good-night; a voice replied, far up the height, "Excelsior!" At break of day, as, heavenward, the pious monks of St. Bernard uttered the oft-repeated prayer, a voice cried through the startled air, "Excelsior!" A traveller, by the faithful hound, half-buried in the snow was found; still grasping in his hand of ice, the banner with the strange device, Excelsior. There in the twilight cold and grey, lifeless, but beautiful, he lay; and from the sky, serene and far, a voice fell, like a falling star, "Excelsior!"—*Longfellow.*

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks, like the dawn of day,
And her bosom, white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“O Father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say what may it be ?”
“'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !”
And he steered for the open sea.

“O Father ! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say what may it be ?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !”

“O Father! I see a gleaming light,
“Oh say what may it be?”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks, and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles, from her deck.

SHE STRUCK—where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts, went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove, and sank,
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed
 On the billows, fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !—*Longfellow.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,—
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde ;
On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one—
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the *men* hauled down :
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that *one* heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead,

Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.
“ Halt ! ”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“ Fire ! ”—out blazed the rifle-blast ;
It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash,
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf—
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
“ Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country’s flag ! ” she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;
The nobler nature within him, stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word.
“ Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog ! March on ! ” he said.
All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel-host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well :
And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her!—and let a tear
 Fall, for *her* sake, on Stonewall's bier.
 Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
 Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
 Peace, and order, and beauty, draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law:
 And ever the stars above, look down
 On thy stars below in Frederick Town!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

“SCOTS, WHA HA'E.” (BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.)

Scots! wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled!
 Scots! wham Bruce has aften led!
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour!
 See, the front of battle lower!
 See, approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha, will be a traitor-knave?
 Wha, can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha, sae base as be—a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
 Freeman, stand; or Freeman, fa'?
 Let *him* follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do—or die!

—*Burns.*

JIM BLUDSO.

WHAR hev ye bin, for the last three year,
 That ye haven't heerd folks tell
 How Jimie Bludso "pass'd in his checks"
 The night o' the "Prairie Bell."

A careless man in his talk was Jim,
 An' an awkward man in a row,
 But he never flunk'd; an' he never lied;
 I reckon he never know'd how.

An' if ever the "Prairie Bell" took fire,
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin' the bank,
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the *Missisip*,
An' her day come at last,
The "Mova Star" was a better boat,
But the "Bell," she wouldn't be pass'd.

An' so come tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
Wi' a nigger, squat on her safety valve,
An' her furnace, cramm'd rosin an' pine.

The fire bust out as she clear'd the bar,
An' burnt a hole i' the night;
An' quick as a flash she turn'd, and made
For yon willow-bank on the right.

There was runnin' an' cursin'—but Jim yell'd out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galloot's ashore."

An' sure's you're livin', they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,
An' Bludso's ghost, went up alone
In the smoke o' the "Prairie Bell."

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance wi' Jim,
 'Long-side o' some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands wi' him.

He'd seen his dooty—a dead sure thing,
 An' went for it—thar an' then,
 An' the Lord ain't 'goin' to be hard
 On a man, that died for men.

—*Col. Jno. Hay.*

THE CHRISTMAS BABY.

Hoots ! ye little rascal, ye come it on me this way,
 Crowdin' yerself among us, this blusterin' winter's day,
 Knowin' that we already have three of ye an' seven,
 An' tryin' to make yerself out a Christmas present o' Heaven.

Ten of ye have we now, sir, for this world to abuse,
 An' Bobby, he have no waistcoat, an' Nelly she have no shoes,
 An' Sammy, he have no shirt, sir, I tell it to his shame,
 An' the one that was jest afore ye, why ! we ain't had time
 to name.

An' now ye have come, ye rascal ! so healthy, an' fat, an' sound,
 A-weighin', I'll wager a dollar, the full o' a dozen pound ;
 Wi' yer mother's eyes a flashin', an' yer father's flesh an' build,
 An' a good big mouth and stomach—all waitin' to be filled.

What! did ye take me in earnest—hush up, my pretty one,
Don't get no chaff in yer eye, boy—I was only just in fun,
You'll like us—when you know us—although we're curious
folks,

But we don't get much victuals, an' half our livin' is jokes.

Hush! hush! don't cry, my baby—come sit upon my knee,
I'll tell ye a secret, youngster, I'll name ye after *me*,
An' ye'll have all yer brothers and sisters wi' ye to play,
An' ye shall have yer carriage, an' ride out every day.

Why, boy, d'ye think ye'll suffer, I'm gettin' a trifle old,
But it'll be many years yet, afore I lose my hold,
An' if I *should* fall by the road, boy—why! them's yer
brothers there,
An' not a rogue among 'em, would see ye harm'd a hair.

Say, when ye come from Heaven, my little namesake dear,
Did ye see 'mong the little girls there, a face like this one
here?

That was yer little sister, she died a year ago,
An' all o' us cried like babies, when we laid her under the
snow.

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see, or knew,
Came here wi' all their traps, boy, an' offered 'em for you,
I'd shew 'em to the door, sir, so quick, they'd think it odd,
Afore I'd sell to another, my Christmas gift from God.

—*Will Carleton.*

THE OWL CRITIC.

“WHO stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke in the shop ;
The barber was busy, and *he* couldn't stop ;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question ;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion ;
And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don't you see, Mister Brown,”
Cried the youth with a frown,
“How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is,—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis !
I make no apology ;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over the town !”
And the barber kept on shaving.

“ I’ve *studied* owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true :
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed ;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can’t *do* it, because
’Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That *can’t* turn out so !

I’ve made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !

Mister Brown, I’m amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd !

To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
The man who stuffed him don’t half know his business !”

And the barber kept on shaving.

“ With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there’s not one natural feather.”

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic.
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say :
“ Your learning’s at fault this time, anyway ;
Don’t waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I’m an owl ; you’re another—Sir Critic, good day !”

And the barber kept on shaving.

—*From Harper’s Magazine.*

THE "MORAL UMBRELLA."

THE minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin' ;
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use o' livin' ?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
"There's Jones, the mis'erable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
A cent towards buyin' a dinner."

I tell you, our minister's prime, he is ;
But I couldn't quite determine
When I heerd him a givin' it right and left,
Jest, *who was hit*, by his sermon ?
Of course, there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of the long-winded prayin',
For Peters an' Johnson, they sat an' scowled
At ev'ry word he was sayin'.

The minister he went on for to say,
"There's various kinds o' cheatin',
An' Religion's as good for ev'ry day
As it is for to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man," says he, "that gives
Loud Amens ! at my preachin',
An' spends the whole o' the followin' week,
In cheatin' an' over-reachin'."

I guess, that pill was bitter enough
For a man like Smith to swaller,
For I noticed, he didn't open his mouth
Not once, after that, for to holler.
Hurrah! says I, for the minister!
(Of course I said it quiet,)
Give us some more o' this open talk;
It's a very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em ev'ry time,
An' when he spoke o' fashion,
An' riggin' out in bows, an' things
As woman's rulin' passion;
An' goin' to church, to see the styles,—
I couldn't help awinkin'
An' nudgin' my wife—an' says I, "that's *you!*"
An' I guess it set her a-thinkin'.

Says I to myself—"That sermon's pat!
But I'm much afear'd that *most* o' the folks,
Won't take the application.
Now, if he'd said a word
About *my* personal mode o' sinnin',
I'd agone to work to right myself,
An' not sat there agrinnin'.

Jest then, the minister says, says he,
"An' now, I come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower, by usin' their friends,
As a sort o' 'moral umbrellers.'

Go home," says he, "and find your faults
 In place o' huntin' your brothers ;
 Go home," says he, "an' wear the coats
 You've tried to fit on others !"

My wife, she *nudged*, and Jones, he *winked*,
 An' there was lots o' smilin',
 An' lots o' starin' at our pew ;—
 It set my blood a bilin',—
 Says I to myself, says I,
 "Our minister's gettin' rayther bitter,
 I'll tell him when meetin's oot, that I
 Ain't at all that kind o' critter."

—Anon.

THE NEWS-BOY'S DEBT.

ONE day, last year, at Christmas time,
 While walking down a busy street,
 I saw a tiny ill-clad boy,
 One of the many that we meet.

As ragged as a boy could be,
 With half a coat, and one whole shoe,
 Mere patches to keep out the wind,
 I felt the wind blew keenly too.

A News-boy with a news-boy's lungs,
A square Scotch face, an *honest* brow,
A News-boy, hawking his last sheets,
Shouting his "Extras," o'er and o'er ;
"Papers, sir, *The Evenin' News* ;"
He brushed away a tear and said,—
"O please, sir, don't refuse."
"How many have you? Never mind—
Don't stop to count—I'll take them all."
He thanked me with a happy smile,
A look half wondering, and half glad,
I fumbled for the proper change, and said,
"You seem a little lad, to rough it, in the street like this."

"I'm ten year old, on Christmas-day."
"Your name?" "Jim Hanley."
"I haven't change—stay,
Here's a crown—you'll get change there across the way,

"Five shillings—when you've got the change,
Come to my office—that's the place ;
Now, wait a bit—there's time enough,
You needn't run a headlong race.

"Where do you live?" "Most any where."
"And are you cold?" "Aye, just a bit ;
I don't mind cold"—"Well, that is strange"—
He smiled again, and darted off to get the change.

Then, with a half-unconscious sigh,
I sought my office-desk again ;
An hour or more, my busy brain
Found work enough, with book and pen.

But when the office-clock struck eight,
I started, with a sudden thought,
For there—beside my hat and gloves,
Lay those six papers I had bought.

Why, where's the boy, and where's the change
He *should* have brought, an hour ago ;
Ah well ! ah well ! they're all alike,
I was a fool to tempt him so.

Dishonest ! Well, I might have known,
And yet—his face seem'd honest too—
But caution often comes too late—
And so I took my homeward way,
Deeming distrust of human kind
The only lesson of the day.

Just two days after, as I sat
Half-doing in my office chair,
I heard a timid knock,
And called out sharply—" Who is there ?"

An urchin enter'd, barely seven—
The same Scotch face—the same blue eyes—

“ Sir, if you please, my brother Jim,
The one you gave the crown, you know,

“ He couldn't bring the money, sir,
Because his back was hurted so ;
He got runned over, up the street ”—
“ Got run over, do you say ? ”

“ Yes, sir, they picked him up for dead,
An' all that day, an' yesterday,
He wasn't rightly in his head.
They took him to the 'ospital—
I went too, because you see
We two is brothers, Jim an' me.

“ He had your money in his hand,
An' never saw it any more ;
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal,
Jim never stole a pin before.

“ When he gets well, it won't be long,
If you will call the money lent,
He says he'll work his fingers off,
Until he pays you every cent.

“ He made me fetch his jacket here,
It's torn, and dirtied pretty bad ;
It's only fit to sell for rags,
But then, you know, it's all Jim had.”

H

“No, no, my boy! take back the coat,
Your brother’s badly hurt, you say?
Run out—hail a cab—and wait for me”—
Why! I’d give a thousand pounds
For such a boy as he.

A half-hour after this
We stood together, in the crowded wards,
And the nurse, checked the hasty steps
That fell too loudly on the boards.

I thought him smiling in his sleep,
And scarce believed her, when she said,
Smoothing away the tangled hair from brow and cheek,
“The boy is dead!”

“Dead?—dead!” how fair he looked,
One beam of sunshine on his hair.
Poor lad! Well it’s warm in Heaven,
No need of change, and jackets there.

Poor little Jim!—I turn’d away,
And left a tear upon his sunburn’d cheek.

—*From Harper’s Magazine.*

NOTTMAN.

(By kind permission of the Author.)

THAT was Nottman waving at me,
But the steam fell down, so you could not see ;
He is out to-day with the fast express,
And running a mile in the minute, I guess.

Danger? None in the least, for the way
Is good, though the curves are sharp, as you say,
But bless you! when trains are a little behind,
They thunder around them—a match for the wind.

Nottman himself is a devil to drive,
But cool and steady, and ever alive
To whatever danger is looming in front,
When a train has run hard, to gain time for a shunt.

But he once got a fear, though, that shook him with pain,
Like sleepers beneath the weight of a train.
I remember the story well, for you see
His stoker, Jack Martin, told it to me.

Nottman had sent down the wife for a change
To the old folks living at Riverly Grange—
A quiet, sleepy sort of a town,
Save when the engines went up and down ;

For close behind it, the railway ran
In a mile of a straight, if a single span ;
Three bridges were over the straight, and between
Two, the distant signal was seen.

She had with her, her boy—a nice little chit
Full of romp and mischief, and childish wit,
And every time that we thunder'd by,
Both were out on the watch, for Nottman and I.

“ Well, one day,” said Jack, “ on our journey down,
Coming round on the straight, at the back of the town,
I saw right ahead—in front of our track—
In the haze—on the rail—something dim-like and black.

“ I look'd over at Nottman, but, ere I could speak,
He shut off the steam, and with one wild shriek
A whistle took to the air, with a bound,
But—the object ahead—never stir'd at the sound.

“ In a moment, he flung himself down on his knee,
Leant over the side of the engine to see,—
Took one look—then sprang up—crying, breathless and pale—
' Brake ! Jack ! It's some one asleep on the rail !'

“ The rear-brakes were whistled on in a trice,
While I screw'd on the tender-brake, firm as a vice ;
But still we tore on, with this terrible thought
Sending fear to our hearts—' Can we stop her or not ?'

“ I took one look again, then sung out to my mate—
‘ We can never draw up—we’ve seen it too late !’
When, sudden and swift, like the change in a dream,
Nottman drew back the lever, and flung on the steam.

“ The great wheels stagger’d, and span with the strain,
While the spray from the steam fell around us like rain ;
But we slacken’d our speed, till we saw with a wild
Throb at the heart—right before us—a child !

“ It was lying asleep, on the rail—with no fear
Of the terrible death, that was looming so near ;—
The sweat on us both, broke as cold as the dew
Of death—as we questioned—‘ What can we do ?’

“ It was done—swift as acts that take place in a dream—
Nottman rush’d to the front, and knelt down on the beam—
Put one foot in the couplings, the other he kept
Right in front of the wheel, for the child that still slept.

“ ‘ Saved !’ I burst forth, my heart leaping with pride,
For one touch of his foot, sent the child to the side,
But Nottman look’d up, his lips white as with foam,
‘ My God ! Jack,’ he cried, ‘ It’s my own little Tom.’

“ He shrunk—would have slipped, but one grasp of my hand
Held him firm, till the engine was brought to a stand,
Then I heard from behind, a shriek take to the air,
And I knew that the voice of a *mother* was there.

“The boy was all right, had got off with a scratch ;
 He had crept through the fence in his frolic, to watch
 For his father ; but, wearied with mischief and play,
 Had fallen asleep on the rail where he lay.

“ For days after that, on our journey down,
 Ere we came to the straight, at the back of the town,
 As if the signal were up, with its gleam
 Of red, Nottman always shut off the steam.”

—*Alex. Anderson.*

JACK CHIDDY.

(By kind permission of the Author.)

BRAVE Jack Chiddy! O well, you may sneer,
 For the name isn't one that sounds nice to the ear ;
 But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
 And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

Jack Chiddy—there you're smiling again
 At the name, which I own, is both common and plain ;
 Jack Chiddy, I say, wrought along with his mates
 Year in and year out, on a section of plates.

Simple enough was the work, with no change
 But to see that both lines, were in gauge and range.
 Fasten a key there—and tighten a bolt—
 All to save fast trains, from giving a jolt.

Strange, when one thinks, where a hero may rise,
Say, at times, in a moment, before our eyes,
Or right from our side, ere we know it, and do
The task of a giant—and pass from our view.

But the story, you say, well—I'm coming to that,
Though I wander a little—now, where was I at?
Let me see—can you catch, shining round and clear,
The mouth of Breslington tunnel, from here?

You see it? Well, there on the bank, at the top,
When stacking some blocks, all at once down the slope
A huge slab of stone from the rest, shore its way,
And fell right on the down-line of metals, and lay—

One sharp cry of terror burst forth from us all,
As we saw the huge mass topple over and fall;
And we stood as if bound to the spot dumb of speech,
Reading horror and doubt in the faces of each.

Then one of our mates snatch'd a glance at his watch,
Gave a start and a look that made each of us catch
At our breath—then a cry that thrill'd our hearts through,
“My God! the ‘Flying Dutchman’ is overdue!”

Hark! Right over the hill we could hear
A dull sound coming faint on the ear,
Then a short sharp whistle that told with its blast
That the “Dutchman” was into the tunnel at last.

And there, on the rail, lay that huge block of stone,
With the "Dutchman" behind coming thundering on ;
In a minute, or less, she would come with a dash,
And a hundred lives would be lost in the crash.

"Now for your life, Jack!" For Chiddy had flown
Down the bank, and three leaps brought him right to the
stone ;
Not for his own life, for wife and child's sake, thought he,
But the hundreds that now were at stake.

'Twas the work of a moment—with terrible strength
And a heave of the shoulder, the slab mov'd at length—
Slipp'd clear of the rail, when, half-muffled in smoke,
From the mouth of the tunnel, the "Dutchman" broke.

There was one short whistle, a roar, and a crash
Of wheels ringing clear on the rail, and a cloud
Of coiling smoke, and a glitter and gleam of iron and steel,
And then down fell the steam.

Not a breath could we draw, but stood blank with dismay
As the train tore along, making up for delay,
Till at last, from us all, burst a shout and a cheer,
When we knew that the "Dutchman" was past and clear.

"And Chiddy?" Ah, well! You will pardon these tears,
For Jack was my mate on the rails, many years—
When we found him—one look was enough to reveal
That his life's-blood was red on the engine-wheel.

“ Brave Jack Chiddy ! ” *Now*, you don’t sneer
At the name, which, I own, is but harsh to the ear ;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best—
And Jack had the heart of a man in his breast.

—*Alex. Anderson.*

THE FIREMAN’S WEDDING.

(By kind permission of the Author.)

“ WHAT are we looking at, guv’nor ? ”

“ Well, you see these carriages there ?
It’s a wedding—that’s what it is, sir ;
And ar’n’t they a beautiful pair ? ”

“ They don’t want no marrow-bone music,
There’s the fireman’s band come to play ;
It’s a fireman that’s going to get married,
And you don’t see such sights every day ! ”

“ They’re in the church now, and we’re waiting
To give them a cheer as they come ;
And the grumbler that wouldn’t join in it
Deserves all his life to go dumb. ”

“ They won’t be out for a minute,
So if you’ve got time and will stay,
I’ll tell you right from the beginning
About this ’ere wedding to-day. ”

“ One night I was fast getting drowsy,
And thinking of going to bed,
When I heard such a clattering and shouting—
‘ That sounds like an engine ! ’ I said.

“ So I jumped up and opened the window :
‘ It’s a fire sure enough, wife, ’ says I ;
For the people werè running and shouting,
And the red glare quite lit up the sky.

“ I kicked off my old carpet slippers,
And on with my boots in a jiff ;
I stuck up my pipe in a corner
Without waiting to have the last whiff.

“ The wife, she just grumbled a wee bit,
But I didn’t take notice of that,
For I on with my coat in a minute,
And sprang down the stairs like a cat !

“ I followed the crowd, and it brought me
In front of the house in a blaze ;
At first I could see nothing, clearly,
For the smoke made it all of a haze.

“ The firemen were shouting their loudest,
And unwinding great lengths of hose ;
The ‘ p’licemen ’ were pushing the people,
And treading on every one’s toes.

“ I got pushed with some more in a corner,
Where I couldn't move, try as I might ;
But little I cared for the squeezing
So long as I had a good sight.

“ Ah, sir, it was grand ! but 'twas awful !
The flames leaped up higher and higher :
The wind seemed to get underneath them,
Till they roared like a great blacksmith's fire !

“ I was just looking round at the people,
With their faces lit up by the glare,
When I heard some one cry, hoarse with terror,
' Oh, look ! look ! there's a woman up there !'

“ I shall never forget the excitement,
My heart beat as loud as a clock ;
I looked at the crowd, they were standing
As if turned into stone by the shock.

“ And there was the face at the window,
With its blank look of haggard despair—
Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,
And her white lips were moving in prayer.

“ The staircase was burnt to a cinder,
There wasn't a fire-escape near ;
But a ladder was brought from a builder's,
And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer.

“ The ladder was put to the window,
While the flames were still raging below :
I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,
To see who would offer to go !

“ When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,
As a sailor would climb up a mast ;
We saw him go in at the window,
And we cheered as though danger were past.

“ We saw nothing more for a moment,
But the sparks flying round us like rain ;
And then as we breathlessly waited,
He came to the window again.

“ And on his broad shoulder was lying,
The face of that poor fainting thing,
And we gave him a cheer as we never
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

“ He got on the top of the ladder—
I can see him there now, noble lad !
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.

“ But just as he got to the middle,
I could see it begin to give way,
For the flames had got hold of it now, sir !
I could see the thing tremble and sway.

“ He came but a step or two lower,
Then sprang, with a cry, to the ground ;
And then, you would hardly believe it,
He stood with the girl safe and sound.

“ I took off my old hat and waved it :
I couldn't join in with the cheer,
For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,
And I felt such a choking just here.

“ And now, sir, they're going to get married,
I bet you, she'll make a good wife ;
And who has the most right to have her?—
Why, the brave fellow that saved her young life !

“ A beauty? ay, sir, I believe you !
Stand back, lads ! stand back ! here they are !
We'll give them the cheer that we promised,
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah !”

—*W. A. Eaton.*

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty, at the close of one sad day.
And his last rays kissed the forehead of a man, and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny floating hair ;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips so
 cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not
 ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy, walls so dark, and damp,
 and cold,—

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh—
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely
 white,

As she spoke in husky whispers, "*Curfew must not ring
 to-night.*"

"Bessie," (calmly spoke the Sexton,)

"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy
 shadowed tower ;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour.

I have done my duty ever, *tried* to do it just and right,

Now I'm old,—I will not miss it ; girl ! the Curfew rings
 to-night."

Wild her eyes, and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow ;
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large
and bright,
One low murmur, scarcely spoken, "Curfew must *not* ring
to-night."

She with light steps bounded forward, sprang within the old
church door,
Left the old man, coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before.
Not one moment paused the maiden ; but with cheek and
brow aglow,
Stagger'd up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to
and fro ;
Then she climb'd the slimy ladder, dark,—without one ray
of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew *shall* not ring
to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder ; o'er her hangs the
great, dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her—like the pathway down
to hell—
See ! the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of
Curfew—*Now!*
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopp'd her breath,
and paled her brow ;

Shall she *let* it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly, "Curfew shall *not* ring
to-night."

Out she swung—far out—the city seemed a tiny speck below,
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung
to and fro ;
And the half-deaf Sexton, ringing ; years he had not *heard*
the bell,
Thought the twilight Curfew, rang young Basil's funeral knell.

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped
once more
Firmly, on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years
before,
Human foot had not been planted.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ; Bessie saw him, and
her brow
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty
now :
At his feet she told her story, he saw her hands all bruised
and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard ; with a look so sad
and worn ;
Touched his heart, with sudden pity ; lit his eyes with misty
light—
"Go,—your lover lives," said Cromwell, "Curfew *shall* not
ring to-night."

Wide they flung the massive portal, led the prisoner forth to
die,
All his bright young life before him—'neath the dark'ning
English sky.
Bessie comes with flying footstep—eyes aglow with love-
light sweet—
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon at his feet.

In his strong, brave arms he clasped her, kissed the face
upturned and white ;
Whispered, "Darling, *you* have saved me," "Curfew *did* not
ring to-night."
—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate, weary of breath, rashly importunate,
gone to her death! Take her up tenderly—lift her with
care: fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair! Look at
her garments, clinging like cerements; whilst the wave con-
stantly drips from her clothing. Take her up instantly,
loving, not loathing. Touch her not scornfully, think of
her mournfully, gently, and humanly; not of the stains of
her:—all that remains of her now is pure womanly. Make
no deep scrutiny into her mutiny, rash and undutiful: past
all dishonour, Death has left on her, only the beautiful.

Still,—for all slips of hers, one of Eve's family!—wipe those poor lips of hers, oozing so clammyly. Loop up her tresses escaped from the comb—her fair auburn tresses!—whilst wonderment guesses, Where was her home? who was her father? who was her mother? had she a sister? had she a brother? or was there a dearer one still, and a nearer one yet than all other? Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun! Oh! it was pitiful! near a whole city full, home she had none. Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, *motherly* feelings had changed: love, by harsh evidence, thrown from its eminence: even God's providence seeming estranged!

Where the lamps quiver so far in the river, with many a light from window and casement, from garret to basement, she stood with amazement, houseless—by night. The bleak wind of March made her tremble and shiver; but not the dark arch, or the black-flowing river: mad from life's history, glad to death's mystery; swift to be hurled any where, any where, out of the world! In she plunged boldly, no matter how coldly the rough river ran:—over the brink of it, picture it, think of it, dissolute Man! lave in it, drink of it, *then*, if you can!

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care: fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair! Ere her limbs frigidly stiffen too rigidly, decently, kindly, smooth and compose them; and her eyes—close them, staring so blindly! Dreadfully staring, through muddy impurity; as when, with the daring last look of despairing, fixed on futurity! Perishing gloomily; spurred by contumely, cold inhumanity, burning insanity,

into her rest.—Cross her hands humbly, as if praying dumbly, over her breast; owning her weakness, her evil behaviour—and leaving, with meekness, her sins to her Saviour!—*Thomas Hood.*

THE LEPER.

“Room for the leper! room!”—And as he came the cry passed on—“Room for the leper! room!”—Sunrise was slanting on the city’s gates, rosy and beautiful; and from the hills the early-risen poor were coming in, duly and cheerfully to their toil; and up rose the sharp hammer’s clink, and the far hum of moving wheels, and multitudes astir, and all that in a city murmur swells—unheard but by the watcher’s weary ear, aching with night’s dull silence; or the sick, hailing the welcome light and sounds, that chase the death-like images of the dark away.—“Room for the leper!”—And aside they stood—matron, and child, and pitiless manhood,—*all* who met him on his way—and let him pass. And onward through the open gate he came, a leper with the ashes on his brow, sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip a covering,—stepping painfully and slow; and with a difficult utterance, like one whose heart is with an iron-nerve put down, crying, “Unclean! unclean!”

’Twas now the first of the Judean autumn; and the leaves, whose shadows lay so still upon his path, had put their

beauty forth beneath the eye of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young, and eminently beautiful; and life mantled in elegant fulness on his lip, and sparkled in his glance; and in his mien there was a gracious pride that every eye followed with benisons;—AND THIS WAS HE!—With the soft airs of summer there had come a torpor on his frame, a drowsy sloth. Day after day he lay as if in sleep; his skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales, circled with livid purple, covered him.—And Helon was a leper! He put off his costly raiment for the leper's garb, and, with the sack-cloth round him, and his lip hid in a loathsome covering, stood still—waiting to hear his doom:—"Depart! depart, O child of Israel, from the temple of thy God; for He has smote thee with His chastening rod, and to the desert wild, from all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee, that from thy plague His people may be free. And now depart! and when thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim, lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him, who, from the tribes of men, selected thee to feel His chastening rod. Depart, O leper! and forget not God!"

And he went forth—alone! Not one of all the many whom he loved, nor she whose name was woven in the fibres of his heart, breaking within him now, to come and speak comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way, sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die! for God had cursed the leper!

It was noon, and Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool in the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow, hot with the burning

leprosy, and touched the loathsome water to his fevered lips ; praying that he might be so blest—to die ! Footsteps approached ; and, with no strength to flee, he drew the covering closer on his lip, crying, “Unclean ! unclean !” and, in the folds of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face, he fell upon the earth till they should pass. Nearer the stranger came, and, bending o’er the leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name, “Helon !”—The voice was like the master-tone of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet ; and the dull pulses of disease awoke, and, for a moment, beat beneath the hot and leprous scales with a restoring thrill !—“Helon ! arise !”—and he forgot his curse, and rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe mingled in the regard of Helon’s eye as he beheld the Stranger. He was not in costly raiment clad, nor on His brow the symbol of a princely lineage wore ; no followers at His back—nor in His hand buckler, or sword, or spear ;—yet, if He smiled, a kingly condescension graced His lips. His garb was simple, and His sandals worn ; His stature modelled with a perfect grace ; His countenance the impress of a God, touched with the opening innocence of a child ; His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky in the serenest noon ; His hair unshorn fell to His shoulders ; and His curling beard the fulness of perfected manhood bore. He looked on Helon earnestly awhile as if His heart were moved ; and, stooping down, He took a little water in His hand, and laid it on his brow, and said, “Be clean !” And lo ! the scales fell from him ; and his blood coursed with

delicious coolness through his veins ; his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow the dewy softness of an infant's stole ; his leprosy was cleansed ; and he fell down prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped Him.—*N. P. Willis.*

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

COME hither, Evan Cameron, come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain-side, there's war within
the blast ;
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past.
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.
'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Loch-
aber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle, with
Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad
claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore:
I've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the
Lindsays' pride ;
But never have I told thee yet how the great Marquis
died.

A traitor sold him to his foes; O, deed of deathless
shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's
name—
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armèd men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wrong'd thy
sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff
down!
They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with
hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not a 'fenceless
man.
They set him high upon a cart—the hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble
brow.
Then, as a hound is slipp'd from leash, they cheer'd—the
common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass
along.
It would have made a brave man's heart grow sad and
sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes bent down on that
array.
But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great
and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,

The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his
breath,

For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with
death.

But onwards—always onwards, in silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured, till it reach'd the house of
doom.

Then, as the Græme looked upwards, he saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—the master-fiend, Argyll!
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud, “Back, coward, from thy
place!

For seven long years thou hast not dared to look him in the
face.”

Had I been there, with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons
by,

That day through high Dunedin's streets had peal'd the
slogan-cry;

Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailed
men,

Not all the rebels in the South had borne us backwards
then!

Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him
there!

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn
hall,

Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their
nobles all.

With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous
doom ;

And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the
room.

“ Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I
bear,

And by the bright St. Andrew’s cross that waves above us
there—

I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day to win the martyr’s
crown !

There is a chamber far away, where sleep the good and
brave,

But a better place ye have named for me, than by my
father’s grave ;

For truth and right, ’gainst treason’s might, this hand hath
always striven,

And ye raise it up for a witness still, in the eye of earth and
heaven.

Then nail my head on yonder tower—give every town a
limb—

And God, who made, shall gather them : I go from you to
Him !”

Ah, boy ! that ghastly gibbet ! how dismal ’tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—the bells begin to
toll—

“ He is coming ! he is coming ! God’s mercy on his soul !”

There was colour in his visage, though the cheeks of all were
wan,

And they marvell'd as they saw him pass, that great and
goodly man.

He mounted up the scaffold, and he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people, so he might not speak
aloud.

But he looked upon the heavens, and they were clear and
blue,

And in the liquid ether the eye of God shone through ;
Yet a black and murky battlement lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—all else was calm and
still.

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
And he climb'd the lofty ladder, as it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning
thunder-roll !

And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
There was *another* heavy sound, a hush, and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky—the work of death was
done !

—*Aytoun.*

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

STOP!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust !
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust ?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
None : but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be ;
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
And is this all the world hath gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields ! king-making victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;—
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ? No ; 'twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—

But hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is ! it is !—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled, because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ! Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;

And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come,
they come!"

And wild and high the "Camerons' gathering" rose—
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years ;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon, beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;

The midnight, brought the signal sound of strife ;
 The morn, the marshalling of arms ; the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial bent!
—Byron.

HORATIUS.

(By kind permission of Messrs. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.)

THE Fathers of the City, they sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horsemen came with tidings of dismay.
 They held a council standing before the River-Gate—
 Short time was there, ye well may guess, for musing or debate.

Out spake the Consul roundly : “The bridge must straight
 go down;

For, since Janiculum is lost, nought else can save the town.”
 Just then, a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear ;
 “To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul ; Lars Porsena is here !”

On the low hills to westward, the Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust, rise fast along the sky.
 “Their van will be upon us, before the bridge goes down ;
 And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the
 town ?”

Then out spake brave Horatius—the Captain of the Gate—
“To every man upon this earth, death cometh soon or late ;
And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his Gods ?

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may ;
I, with *two* more to help me, will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path, a *thousand* may well be stopped by *three*,
Now, who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge
with me ?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, a Ramnian proud was he—
“Lo, I will stand at thy *right* hand, and keep the bridge
with thee.”

And out spake strong Herminius, of Titian blood was he—
“I will abide on thy *left* side, and keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul, “as thou sayest, so let it be ;”
And straight against that great array, forth went the dauntless
Three:

For Romans, in Rome’s quarrel, spared neither land nor
gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days of
old.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

The Three stood calm and silent, and looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose :
And forth three chiefs came spurring before that deep array ;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream beneath :
Herminius struck at Seius, and clove him to the teeth :
At Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust—
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in the bloody
 dust.

But hark ! the cry is " Astur ! " and lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the Great Lord of Luna comes with his stately stride :
He smiled on those bold Romans a smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans, and scorn was in his eye.

Then, whirling up his broadsword with both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius, and smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius right deftly turned the blow—
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh ;

He reeled, and on Herminius he leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds, sprang right at
 Astur's face ;
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet, so fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out, behind the
 Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus the thunder-smitten oak.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius!” loud cried the
Fathers all,
“Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!”

Back darted Spurius Lartius ; Herminius darted back ;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet, they felt the timbers
crack :
But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed
once more.

But with a crash like thunder fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the
stream ;
And a long shout of triumph, rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops, was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,—but constant still in mind,—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus, with a smile on his
pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena, “Now yield thee to our
grace.”

Round turned he,—as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus, the white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river, that rolls by the towers of
Rome.

“ Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber ! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms, take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and speaking, sheathed the good sword by his
side,
And with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the
tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank :
And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing ; and he was sore in pain.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood, safe to the landing place :
But his limbs were borne up bravely, by the brave heart
within,
And our good father Tiber, bare bravely up his chin.

And now he feels the bottom ; now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers, to press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

When the goodman mends his armour, and trims his helmet's
plume ;

When the goodwife's shuttle merrily goes flashing through
the loom ;—

With weeping and with laughter still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old.

—*Lord Macaulay.*

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I LOOKED far back into other years, and lo ! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the
footstep falls ;

And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow passed,
And all around, the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast.

No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver-bell, or the sisters' holy hymn ;

And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects
please ;

And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper
prayers,

That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more
dear than theirs—

And little even the Loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line :
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court, the gay court of
Bourbon,

And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers
throng ;

And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to
see

The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry :—
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride !
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of
one—

The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but
begun,

They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak.
Ah ! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its
brilliant hours,

She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine, and
its flowers ?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
 And o'er its lee, the coast of France in the light of evening lay ;
 And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
 Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
 No marvel that the lady wept : there was no land on earth
 She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth ;
 It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
 It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
 The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
 The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendours of a throne ;
 No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
 The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance !
 The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark ;
 The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark !
 One gaze again—one long last gaze—" Adieu, fair France, to thee !"
 The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea !

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
 And in a turret chamber high of ancient Holyrood
 Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
 That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.

The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was
sadder now ;

The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow ;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field ;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword* she could
not wield.

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's
brief day,

And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel
play

The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar ;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic
broils :—

But hark ! the tramp of armèd men ! the Douglas' battle-cry !
They come—they come !—and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's
hollow eye !

And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and
words are vain—

The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain !
Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the tears that trickling fell :
“ Now for my father's arm ! ” she said ; “ my woman's heart,
farewell ! ”

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small
lonely isle,

And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,

Stern men stood menacing their queen till she should stoop
to sign

The trait'rous scroll that snatched the crown from her
ancestral line.

“ My lords, my lords ! ” the captive said, “ were I but once
more free,

With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause
and me,

That parchment would I scatterwide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign, a Stuart-queen, o'er my remorseless
foes ! ”

A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich
tresses down—

She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen, without a
crown !

The scene was changed. A loyal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen
once more ;—

She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away ;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where
are they ?

Scattered and strown, and flying far, defenceless and undone—
Alas ! to think what she has lost, and all that guilt has won !
—Away ! away ! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part !
Yet vain his speed—for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart !

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen head-
man stood,

And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip
with blood.

With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the
hearts of all.

I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom,
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb !
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly
shone ;

I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every
tone ;

I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living gold ;
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould !
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,—
I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile,—
Even now I see her bursting forth upon the bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born !

Alas ! the change !—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—
ALONE !

The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her
footsteps bowed !

—Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed
away !

The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay !

The dog is moaning piteously ; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the
floor !

The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of
a queen—

The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen,—
Lapped by a dog !—Go, think of it, in silence and alone ;
Then weigh, against a grain of sand, the glories of a throne !

—*H. G. Bell.*

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard—its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view.
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
“ Unworthy office here to stay,
No hope of gilded spurs to-day ! ”

But lo ! straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen, drenched with gore ;
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded Knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand ;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand ;

Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dented shield, and helmet beat—
The falcon-crest and plumage gone—
Can that be haughty Marmion !
When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
“ Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where ?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare ?
Redeem my pennon,—charge again !
Cry—‘ Marmion to the rescue !’—
Vain !—last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
Yet my last thought is England's :—fly—
To Dacre bear my signet ring,
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie !
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets, fly !
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”

They parted—and alone he lay ;
Clare drew her from the sight away.
Till pain rung forth a lowly moan ;
And half he murmured,—“ Is there none

Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?"

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish ring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the high streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears:
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain-side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue!
Where shall she turn?—Behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
She filled the helm, and back she hied,—
And, with surprise and joy, espied
 A monk, supporting Marmion's head;

A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrive the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave—
“Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
“Or injured Constance, bathes my head?”
 Then, as remembrance rose,
“Speak not to me of shrift or prayer,
 I must redress her woes!
Short space, few words, are mine to spare!—
Forgive!—and listen, gentle Clare!”
 “Alas!” she said, “the while,
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal—
 She—died at Holy Isle!”
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as though he felt no wound,
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side!
“Then it was truth!” he said:—“I knew
That the dark presage must be true!
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day!
For, wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be—this dizzy trance !—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance !
 And doubly curs'd my falling brand !—
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand !”
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.
 With fruitless labour Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch, the gushing wound :
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers :
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,—
 “ In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle, with groans of the dying !”
 So the notes rung.—
 “ Avoid thee, fiend !—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !
 O ! look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ?
 O ! think on faith and bliss !—
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this !”——
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And—“ Stanley !” was the cry : —

A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye ;
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted " Victory !—
Charge ! Chester, charge ! On !—Stanley !—On !"—
Were the last words of Marmion.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles ;*"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said—
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,

“’Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests, and in the *Latin* tongue :
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne !”
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant, monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat, and gazed around,
But saw no living thing, and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls,
As if dead priests, were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, “ Who is there ?”
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
“ Open : ’tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ?”
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
“ This is some drunken vagabond, or worse !”

Turned the great key, and flung the portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on, and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left, each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel, and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.
A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise,
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, "Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne !"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their sword
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the King's Jester ; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall."

Deaf to King Robert's threats, and cries, and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door
His heart failed ; for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the *mock* plaudits of "Long live the King !"

L

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head;
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare discoloured walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was *no* dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!
Days came and went;
Meanwhile, King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen, and silent, and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers, mocked, by pages, laughed to scorn;
His only friend, the ape, his only food,
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am; I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea,
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, in Saint Peter's Square ;
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
“*I am the King!* Look, and behold in *me*
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king’s disguise.
Do you not *know* me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?”
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel’s countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, “It is strange sport
To keep a *madman* for thy Fool at court!”
And the poor baffled Jester, in disgrace,
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw;
He felt *within* a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone the Angel said,
" Art thou the King ? " Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him : " Thou knowest best !
My sins as scarlet are : let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven ! "
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,

Above the stir and tumult of the street ;
“ He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree ! ”
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string ;
“ I am an Angel, and thou art the King ! ”

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
But all appavelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there,
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

—*Longfellow.*

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

(By kind permission of the Author.)

HAMELIN Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking—
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking,
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

At this, the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked, with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
" It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap!
" Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that!
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?"

Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !”

“Come in !” cried the Mayor, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire :
He advanced to the council-table :
And, “Please, your honours,” said he, “I’m able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe ;

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

“ If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ? ”

“ One ?—fifty thousand ! ”—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!”—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, “First, if you please, my thousand guilders!”

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
“Beside,” quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life, / think.
So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!”

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“No trifling! I’ll not bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.”

“How?” cried the Mayor, “you lazy ribald,
With idle pipe and vesture piebald,
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!”

Once more he stept into the street ;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician’s cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !

However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.

“ He never can cross that mighty top !
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop ! ”

When, lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich, at as easy rate
As the needle's eye, takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,

Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
But soon they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
Piper and dancers, were gone for ever.

—*Robert Browning.*

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and
weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber
door—
 Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
floor ;
Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
 “ ’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door :
 This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
 “ Sir,” said I, “ or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened wide
 the door :

 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wonder-
 ing, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
 before ;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
 “ Lenore ! ”
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
 “ Lenore ! ”

 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before :

“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window
lattice ;

Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.

’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore ;
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or
stayed he ;

But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
door—

Perched above a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore :
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art
sure no craven ;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly
shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s Plutonian
shore ?”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour ;
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered—"Other friends have
flown before,
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before,
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden
bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never, nevermore."

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust,
and door ;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining,
 On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
 She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
 unseen censer
 Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted
 floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels
 he hath sent thee—
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
 Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
 devil!
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
 ashore—
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
 On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,
 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me—I
 implore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

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‘ Prophet,” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore—

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aiden
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore?”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,” I shrieked
upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off
my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o’er him streaming, throws his shadow on
the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

—*E. A. Poe.*

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can :
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessèd breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The Book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside ;
For the peace of his soul he read that Book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
“ O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp !”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took ;
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook :
And lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

“ My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ?”
The young boy gave an upward glance—
“ It is ‘The Death of Abel.’”

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place—
Then slowly back again—
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain.

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe ! woe ! unutterable woe—
Who spill life’s sacred stream !
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
‘ Now here,’ said I, ‘ this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !’

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my feet,
But lifeless flesh and bone ! ”

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

“ And lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name.

“ Oh, God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

“ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven’s topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice,
Of the blood-avenging Sprite :
‘ Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight.’

“ I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

“ Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening, in the school !

“ Oh Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn :
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed,
’Mid holy Cherubim !

“ And Peace went with them one and all,
 And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
 That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
 With fingers bloody red !

“ All night I lay in agony,
 In anguish dark and deep ;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
 But stared aghast at Sleep ;
For Sin had rendered unto her
 The keys of Hell to keep !

“ All night I lay in agony,
 From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
 That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
 Fierce impulse unto crime !

“ One stern tyrannic thought, that made
 All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
 Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
 The Dead Man in his grave !

“ Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the Dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry !

“ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing !

“ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began ;
In a lonesome wood,—with heaps of leaves,—
I hid the murdered man !

“ And all that morn I read in school,
But my thought was other-where !
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

“ Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep ;
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

“ So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he’s buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones !

“ Oh, God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with dizzy brain
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“ And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow :
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now ! ”
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

—*Hood.*

SELECTION FROM "PARADISE LOST."

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one Greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos ; or if Zion hill
Delight thee more, and Silva's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

—*Milton.*

**STUDIES IN
DRAMATIC READING.**

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand—thus ; but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings : who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it. — Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing ; whose end both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh ! there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely,—that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.—*Shakespeare.*

STUDIES IN DRAMATIC READING.

TELL TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

YE crags and peaks ! I'm with you once again—
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again ! O sacred forms, how proud you look,
How high you lift your heads into the sky !
How huge you are—how mighty, and how free !
Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine ! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again ! I call to you
With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free ! I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you !

Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,

As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,
 That buoy'd him proudly up. Instinctively
 I bent my bow ; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath
 And round about ; absorb'd he heeded not
 The death that threaten'd him. I could not shoot !—
 'Twas liberty !—I turn'd my bow aside,
 And let him soar away !

With what pride I used

To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And bless Him that the land was free. Yes, it was free !
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free !
 Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
 And plough our valleys, without asking leave !
 Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,
 In very presence of the regal sun !
 How happy was I then ! I loved
 Its very storms ! Yes, I have often sat
 In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
 The wind came roaring.—I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master save his own !
 On the wild jutting cliff—o'ertaken oft
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,

And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wish'd me there—the thought that mine was free
Has check'd that wish, and I have rais'd my head,
And cried, in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on—This is the land of liberty! —*Knowles.*

THE SEVEN AGES.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being, seven ages.—At first, the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :—
And then, the whining Schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.—And then, the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.—Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble, reputation,

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Even in the cannon's mouth.—And then, the Justice,
In fair round body, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws, and modern instances ;
And so *he* plays his part.—The sixth age, shifts
Into the lean and slippered Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.—Last scene of all,
That *ends* this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything.
—*Shakespeare.*

CATO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

IT must be so !—Plato, thou reason'st well :
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing, after immortality ?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out—an Hereafter,
And intimates—Eternity to man.

Eternity ! thou pleasing—dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works—He must delight in virtue,
And that which He delights in, must be happy :
But when ? or where ? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

(*Laying hand on dagger.*)

Thus am I *doubly* armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me,
This—in a moment, brings me to an end :
But this—informs me, I shall never die !
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years :
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds !

—*Addison.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY ON HIS FALL.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness,
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls—as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Wearied, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—

Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell :
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr ! Serve the king,
And—prithee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies !

—*Shakespeare.*

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

SIGNIOR ANTONIO, many a time and oft
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances ;
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe—
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog—
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help ;
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say
“ Shylock, we would have moneys ! ” You say so,
You—that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold—Moneys is your suit !
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
“ Hath a dog money ? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ”
Or shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this—“ Fair Sir, you spit on me
On Wednesday last, you spurn’d me such a day,
Another time, you call’d me dog—
And for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much moneys ? ”

—*Shakespeare.*

"SHYLOCK" ON REVENGE.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Shylock. How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell on our nation till now; I never felt it till now—two thousand ducats in that—and other precious, precious jewels—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief! and no satisfaction, no revenge! Nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too—Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal—good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me—I shall never see my gold again—Fourscore ducats at a sitting! Fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose, but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it—I'll plague him—I'll torture him—I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them, shewed me a ring he had of your daughter, for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise—I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor—I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys!!!

Tub. But Antonio, is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true! I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit!! Go, go, Tubal, meet me at our synagogue—Go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exit TUBAL.]

Enter SALARINO.

Sal. How now, Shylock! What news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain—I knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal—but say, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match—a bankrupt—a prodigal—who dare scarce shew his head on the Rialto—a beggar—that was used to come so smug upon the mart—Let him look to his bond! he was wont to call me usurer—Let him look to his bond!! he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy—Let him look to his bond!!!

Sal. Why—if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge!! He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half-a-million—laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies—and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge!! If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge!!! The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.—*Shakespeare.*

THE TWO GRAVE-DIGGERS IN "HAMLET."

(Adapted for Recital.)

1st G. D. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2nd G. D. I tell thee, she is, therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1st G. D. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2nd G. D. Why, 'tis found so.

1st G. D. It must be *se offendendo*;* it cannot be else, for here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches—it is, to act, to do, and to perform—*argal*,† she drowned herself wittingly.

2nd G. D. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1st G. D. Give *me* leave. Here lies the water; good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes—mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself—*argal*, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life. Come, my spade—there is no ancient gentlemen, but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers—they hold up Adam's profession.

2nd G. D. Was he a gentleman?

* By offending herself.

† The grave-digger's corruption of *ergo*, therefore.

1st G. D. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2nd G. D. Why! he had none.

1st G. D. What! art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, "Adam digged." Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee—What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2nd G. D. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1st G. D. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2nd G. D. What is he that builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1st G. D. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2nd G. D. Marry! now I can tell—Mass! I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO at a distance.

1st G. D. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker—for the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit 2nd GRAVE-DIGGER.*]

1st G. D. (digs and sings)—

"In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet."

Hamlet. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sir?

1st G. D. Mine, Sir.

Hamlet. I think it be thine indeed—for thou liest in't.

1st G. D. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours—for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine. 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1st G. D. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet. What man dost thou dig it for?

1st G. D. For no man, Sir.

Hamlet. What woman, then?

1st G. D. For none, neither.

Hamlet. Who is to be buried in't?

1st G. D. One that *was* a woman, Sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1st G. D. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that very day our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet. How long is that since?

1st G. D. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet. Ay, marry.—Why was he sent into England?

1st G. D. Why, because he was mad—he shall recover his wits there—or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why?

1st G. D. 'Twill not be seen in him there. There the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet. How came he mad?

1st G. D. Very strangely they say.

Hamlet. How strangely?

1st G. D. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet. Upon what ground?

1st G. D. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1st G. D. 'Faith, he will last you some eight year, or nine year—a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet. Why he, more than another?

1st G. D. Why, Sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while.—Here's a skull now—this skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet. Whose was it?

1st G. D. A queer mad fellow's it was.—Whose do you think it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

1st G. D. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon o' Rhenish on my head once.—This same skull, Sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

Hamlet. This?

1st G. D. E'en that.

Hamlet. Let me see—(*takes the skull*)—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy—he hath borne me on his back a

thousand times; and now, how abhorrèd in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it.—Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft.—Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning! quite chap-fallen! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE COURTSHIP OF HENRY V.

(*Adapted for Recital.*)

King Henry. Fair Katherine, wilt thou vouchsafe to teach a soldier, terms that will enter at a lady's ear, and plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Princess Katherine of France. Your Majestee sall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

Henry. If you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue! Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell vat is, "like me."

Henry. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Ah, de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits.

Henry. I'faith, Kate, I am glad thou canst speak no

better English ; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm, to buy my crown. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back (under the correction of bragging be it spoken), I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, I could lay on like a butcher. I speak to thee, plain soldier ; if thou canst love me for this, Kate, take me ; if not, to say that I shall die, is true ; but for thy love—by Saint Denis ! No ! Yet I love thee too ; and while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain, and uncoined constancy. What ! A speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face *will* wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is like the sun ; for *it* shines bright, and never changes. If thou would have such a one, take me ; and take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king. What sayest thou, then, fair Kate, to my love ?

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France ?

Henry. No ; it is not possible that you should love the enemy of France, Kate ; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well, I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine ; and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

Henry. No, Kate ? Then I will tell thee in French—
Quand j'ai la possession de France—et quand vous avez la

possession de moi (let me see—what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) *donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne*. I tell thee, Kate, it is as easy to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French. Dost thou understand *thus* much English—CANST THOU LOVE ME?

Kath. I cannot tell.

Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Put off your maiden blushes; take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine." With that word, bless mine ear, and I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;" who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music—for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, break thy mind to me in broken English—Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père*.

Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Non, non, it is not de fashion for *le demoiselles* in France to—vat is de England for *baiser*?

Henry. To kiss.

Kath. *Qui*, to kiss *devant leur noces*.

Henry. It is not the fashion for the maids in France, to kiss before they are married, should you say?

Kath. *Oui, vraiment*.

Henry. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion ; we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows, stops the mouth of all find-faults ;—as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss.—You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate ; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the French Council ; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. May God, the best maker of all marriages, combine our hearts in one, our realms in one, that the contending kingdoms of France and England, whose very shores look pale with envy of each other's happiness, may cease their hatred ; that never war advance his bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.—*Shakespeare.*

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

SIR ROBERT BRACKENBURY. DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night !

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;

So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you tell me.

o

- Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the Tower
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;
And in my company my brother Glöster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glöster stumbled, and, in falling,
Struck me (that thought to stay him) overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears,
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
- Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?
- Clar.* Methought I had ; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony ?

Clar. Ah, no, my dream was lengthened after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul !
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick,
Who cried aloud,—“ What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? ”
And so he vanish'd : Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,—
“ Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
Seize on him Furies, take him to your torments ! ”
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howlèd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impressiõn made my dream.

—*Shakespeare.*

QUEEN MAB.

[SPOKEN BY MERCUTIO.]

O, THEN, I see Queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes in shape no bigger than an agate-stone on the forefinger of an alderman, drawn with a team of little atomies athwart men's noses as they lie asleep; her waggon-spokes made of long-spinners' legs; the cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; the traces, of the smallest spider's web; the collars, of the moonshine's watery beams; her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film; her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat, not half so big as a round little worm prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid: her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub, time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers. And in this state she gallops night by night through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love; o'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight; o'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees; o'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream. Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, and then dreams he of smelling out a suit: and sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail, tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, then dreams he of another benefice: Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, and then dreams he of cutting foreign throats, of breaches! ambuscadoes! Spanish blades! of healths five fathom deep; and then anon drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes; and, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again.—*Shakespeare.*

STUDIES IN
CHARACTER READING.

*STUDIES IN "CHARACTER"
READING.*

JEANIE DEANS AND THE LAIRD O'
DUMBIEDYKES.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Scene—THE COURT-YARD OF DUMBIEDYKES' HOUSE.

Dum. Jeanie, woman, come in by, an' rest ye.

Jeanie. Na, Laird, I hae a lang day's journey afore me.
I maun be twenty mile the nicht if feet will carry me.

Dum. Twenty mile! Twenty mile on your feet. Hoot,
toot! ye maun never think o' that; come in by.

Jeanie. What I hae to say to ye, Laird, I can say here;
I'm gaun a lang journey, Laird, oot o' my faither's kennin'.

Dum. Oot o' his kennin', Jeanie? That's no richt. Ye
maun think on't again.

Jeanie. Ay, Laird, I'm gaun to Lunnon tae speak tae
the Queen, for my puir Effie's life.

Dum. Lunnon! The Queen! Effie's life! The lassie's
demented!!

Jeanie. Sink or swim, I'm determined to gang; though I
suld beg my way frae door to door. And so I maun, un-
less ye wad lend me a sma' sum to pay my expenses—little

wad dae't—an' ye ken, laird, my faither's a man o' means, an' wad let nae man—far less you, Laird, come to loss by me. I see ye're no for helpin' me, Laird, sae fare-ye-weel! Gang an' see my faither as often as ye can—he'll be lanely eneuch, noo.

Dum. Whaur's the silly bairn gaun? Come in by, Jeanie, woman. Come in by!!

[TAKES HER INTO THE PARLOUR.]

That's my bank, Jeanie lass, nane o' yer goldsmiths' bills for me—they bring folk to ruin. Jeanie!! I'll mak' ye Leddy Dumbiedykes afore the sun sets, an' ye can ride to Lunnon, in your ain coach, if ye like.

Jeanie. Na, Laird, that can never be,—my faither's grief—my sister's situation—the shame to you.

Dum. That's *my* business, Jeanie, lass, if ye werna jist a fule, ye wad ne'er say a word aboot that; an' yet—I like ye the better for't.

Jeanie. Ay, Laird, but—I like anither man better than you.

Dum. Like anither man better than me, Jeanie? it's no possible—ye hae kenn'd me sae lang.

Jeanie. Ay, Laird, but I—hae kenn'd him langer.

Dum. Langer!! it canna be, Jeanie. Ye were born on the land. Eh! Jeanie woman! look at the siller! it's a' gowd! a' gowd! an' then; there's bonds for siller lent! an' the rental-book! clear three hunder sterlin'. There they're a'—look at them! Yer no lookin! look at them, Jeanie woman!! An' then, there's my mither's wardrobe up the stair; an' my gran'mither's forby!! Silk gowns, wad stand

on their ends—an' rings—an' ear-rings—an—eh, Jeanie woman! Just gang up the stair an' look at them.

Jeanie. It canna be, Laird. I canna break my word till him, though ye suld gie me the hail Barony o' Dalkeith, an' Lugton into the bargain.

Dum. Yer word tae *him*! ay, but wha is he? I haena heard his name yet. Come noo, Jeanie, ye're just queerin' me—it's a blaw i' my lug. Wha is he, Jeanie? Wha is he?

Jeanie. Weel, Laird, it's just—Reuben Butler—the schulemaister.

Dum. Reuben Butler! Reuben Butler, the dominie! Reuben! the son o' my cottar! Verra weel, lass! verra weel! A wilfu' woman will hae her way. But it doesna' signify—it doesna'—Reuben Butler!—as for wastin' my substance on ither folk's Joes!!

Jeanie. I was beggin' nane frae yer honour!! Least o' a', on sic a score as that!! Fare-ye-weel, Laird; ye hae been kind tae my faither, an' it isna in my heart tae think but kindly o' you.

Dum. Ye maunna' gang this wilfu' gate, sillerless—come o't what like. Tak' this bit purse wi' ye—tut, tut!! there's only five-an'-twenty guineas in't—an' gang whaur ye like, dae what ye like—marry a' the Butlers in the country gin ye like, an' sae—guid mornin' tae ye, Jeanie.

Jeanie. An' God bless you, Laird, wi' mony a guid mornin', an' the Lord's peace be wi' ye, if I suld never see ye again.

Dum. Eh!! Jeanie, woman!!!

JEANIE DEANS AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Scene—THE DUKE'S STUDY IN LONDON.

Duke. Well, my bonnie lass, do you wish to speak to the Duchess, or myself?

Jeanie. It was wi' yer Honour—I beg yer Lordship's pardon—I mean yer Grace—that I wanted tae speak—Yer Honour, I beg yer Lordship's pardon—I mean yer Grace.

Duke. Never mind my Grace, lassie, speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scotch tongue in your head.

Jeanie. Oh, Sir, I'm muckle obleeged. Sir, I'm the sister o' that puir unfortunate lassie, Effie Deans, lyin' under sentence at Edinburgh, an' I hae come up frae the North, tae see what could be dune for her, in the way o' gettin' a reprieve, or a pardon, or the like o' that.

Duke. My poor girl! you have taken a long, and a sad journey to very little purpose. Your sister is condemned to death.

Jeanie. Ay, Sir; but I'm gi'en tae understaun' there's a law for reprievin' her—if it be the King's pleasure.

Duke. Certainly there is. But that lies only in the King's power. What friends have you at Court?

Jeanie. Nane! exceptin' God—an' yer Grace.

Duke. Alas! my good girl. I have no means of averting your sister's fate. Whoever made you come to me?

Jeanie. It was yoursell, Sir.

Duke. Myself!! Why, you have never seen me before!

Jeanie. No, Sir! but a' the wairld kens the Duke o' Argyll is Scotland's frien'. Ye speak for the richt! an' ye fecht for the richt! An' if ye wadna help tae save an innocent country-woman o' your ain frae a shamefu' death, what can we expect frae Soothers an' strangers.

Duke. Innocent!! Yes, yes, but how can you think your sister innocent?

Jeanie. Because, Sir, she has never been proved guilty—as ye may see for yoursell, if ye'll only read thae papers.

Duke (after having read papers). Young woman! your poor sister's case is a very hard one—it has not been proved that the murder was ever committed.

Jeanie. God bless ye, Sir!! God bless ye!! for that word!!

Duke. And, now, leave these papers with me, and come again—let me see—yes, the day after to-morrow; and be sure to be dressed just as you are.

Jeanie. I wad hae putten on a cap, but I thocht yer Honour's heart wad warm tae the tartan.

Duke. And you thought quite right, my good girl. MacCallum-More's heart will be as cold as death can make it, when it does *not* warm to the tartan.

QUEEN CAROLINE—DUKE OF ARGYLL—
JEANIE DEANS.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Duke. You are punctual, my good lass. I have asked an audience of a lady, whose influence with the King is very high. You shall speak to her yourself.

Jeanie. I wad like tae ken what tae ca' her—whether yer Honour, or yer Leddy-ship—for I hear that leddies are fully mair parteek'ler aboot their titles o' honour than gentlemen.

Duke. Call her simply, Madam. Tell your story plainly, and boldly, as you did to me.

Scene—THE QUEEN'S GARDEN AT RICHMOND.

Queen. And now, your Grace, what of that young woman? She is some thirtieth cousin, I suppose?

Duke. No, Madam! but I should be proud of any relation with half her worth, honesty, and affection.

Queen. Ah! her name must be Campbell, at least?

Duke. No, Madam! her name, if I may be allowed to say so, is not so distinguished.

Queen. Well, then, she comes from Inveraray, or Argyllshire?

Duke. No, Madam! She has never been farther North than Edinburgh. Her sister, Effie Deans, is the first, and I think, Madam, unjust victim of a severe law.

Queen. Effie Deans! Yes, I myself have read the case, and doubt the justice of it.

Duke. Will your Highness be pleased to hear my poor country-woman?

Queen. Surely, your Grace!!

(DUKE beckons to JEANIE.)

Queen. Tell me, young woman, how you travelled up to London?

Jeanie. Maistly on my feet, Madam!

Queen. All that immense way on foot!! How far can you travel in a day?

Jeanie. Five an' twenty miles an' a bittock, Madam!!

Queen. And a what! your Grace?

Duke. And about five miles more, Madam.

Queen. Dear me!! I thought I was a good walker, but this shames me sadly; and have you walked all this way, for your sister's sake.

Jeanie. Ay, Madam! an' I wad walk tae the world's end, tae save my puir Effie. It isna when we sleep saft, an' wauken happy, that we think on ither folks' sufferin's; but when the hour o' trouble comes—seldom may it come tae yer Leddyship!!—an' when the hour o' death comes—that comes tae high an' low—lang an' late may it be yours—then my Leddy, it isna what we hae dune for oorsells, but what we hae dune for ither, that we think on maist pleasantly; an' the thocht that ye hae intervened tae save the puir thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour—come when it

may—than if a word o' yer mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the end o' ae tow.

Queen. THIS IS ELOQUENCE!! *I* cannot grant a pardon to your sister, but you shall not lack my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this small token!! It will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

BALFOUR AND BOTHWELL.

(Adapted for Recital.)

[The scene of the following extract is laid in Neil Blane's change-house:—At a table in the centre of the room sit the Knights of the Popinjay (an old field sport). At another table, on the right, are two dragoons, in the celebrated John Grahame of Claverhouse's regiment of Life Guards, Serjeant Bothwell and Private Halliday. In the ingle-nook sits a stranger, moody and abstracted.]

“Is it not a strange thing, Halliday,” said Bothwell, “to see a set of bumpkins sit carousing here, without having drank the King's health?”

“They have drank the King's health, Serjeant,” said Halliday.

“Have they? Then, Tom, we'll have them drink the Archbishop of St. Andrew's health; and do it on their knees too.”

“So we will, Serjeant, and he that refuses, we'll have him to the guard-house.”

“Right, Tom, right! and to do all things in order, I’ll begin with that sulky blue-bonnet in the ingle-nook.”

Bothwell rose accordingly, and taking his sheathed broadsword under his arm, to support the insolence which he meditated, placed himself in front of the stranger.

“I make so bold as to request of your precision, belovèd,” said Bothwell, in a tone of affected solemnity, “that you will arise from your seat, belovèd, and having bent your hams, until your knees do rest upon the floor, belovèd, that you will turn over this measure, called by the profane, ‘a gill,’ of the comfortable creature, which the carnal denominate ‘brandy,’ to the health and glorification of his Grace, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the worthy Primate of all Scotland.”

All waited for the stranger’s answer. His features austere even to ferocity, with a cast of eye, which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint, together with a frame, square, strong, and muscular, seemed to announce a man unlikely to understand rude jesting, or to receive insults with impunity.

“And what is the consequence,” said he, “if I should not be disposed to comply with your uncivil request?”

“The consequence thereof, belovèd, will be, firstly: That I will tweak thy proboscis—or nose; secondly, belovèd, that I will administer my fist to thy distorted visual optics; and will conclude, belovèd, with a practical application of the flat of my sword to the shoulders of the recusant!!”

“Is it even so? Then give me the cup—The Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the place he now worthily holds. May each prelate in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharpe.”

“He has taken the test,” said Halliday.

“Ay! but with a qualification,” said Bothwell; “I don’t understand what the devil the crop-eared Whig means!”

“Come, come, gentlemen,” said Morton, the Captain of the Popinjay, “we are here met, as good subjects, and on a merry occasion, and we have a right to expect, that we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion.”

Bothwell, after honouring the speaker, with a broad and fierce stare, said, “Well, Mister Popinjay!!! I shall not disturb your reign!! I reckon! ’twill be out by twelve to-night!! Is it not an odd thing, Halliday, that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding-pieces at a mark, which any woman or boy could hit at a day’s practice? If Captain Popinjay, now, or any of his troop, would try a bout, either with the broad-sword, back-sword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble; the first drawn blood.—there would be some soul in’t—or, zounds! would the bumpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar, or putt the stone, or throw the axle-tree, if,” touching the end of Morton’s sword scornfully with his toe, “they carry things about them that they are afraid to draw.”

Morton’s patience now gave way entirely; he was on the point of drawing his sword, when the stranger stepped forward.

“This is my quarrel,” he said, “and in the name of the:

good cause, I will see it out myself." Then turning to Bothwell,—“Hark! thee, friend, wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?”

“With my whole spirit, beloved!! Yea, I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both.”

“Then, as my trust is in Him that can help, I will forthwith make thee an example to all such railing Rabshakehs.”

Dropping his coarse grey coat, and extending his strong brawny arms, with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest.

Bothwell was nothing abashed by the muscular frame, broad chest, and hardy look of his antagonist, but, whistling with great composure, unbuckled his belt, and laid aside his military coat.

The company stood round them, anxious for the event.

In the first struggle, Bothwell seemed to have some advantage over his opponent; and also in the second; but it was evident he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth against an antagonist, possessed of great endurance, skill, vigour, and length of wind. In the third close, Balfour of Burleigh, for he it was, lifted his opponent fairly from the floor, and hurled him to the ground, with such violence, that he lay there stunned, and motionless.

“You have killed my serjeant,” said Halliday, “and by all that’s sacred, you shall answer it!!!”

“Stand back!!!” cried Morton, “it was all fair play, your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it.”

“That is true enough,” said Bothwell, as he slowly rose ; “put up your bilbo, Tom, I did not think there was a crop-ear of them all, could have laid the best cap and feather of the King’s Life-Guards on the floor of a rascally change-house. Hark ye, friend, give me your hand.” The stranger held out his hand—

“I promise you,” said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, “I promise you, that the time will come when we shall meet again, and try this game over in a more earnest manner.”

“And I promise you,” said Balfour, returning the grasp with equal firmness, “that when we next meet, I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again.”—*Sir Walter Scott.*

OLD SCROOGE.

ADAPTED FROM “A CHRISTMAS CAROL.”

(*By kind permission of Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL.*)

MARLEY was dead to begin with—he was as dead as a door-nail. Scrooge knew he was dead—of course he did. Scrooge and he were partners for I don’t know how many years! Scrooge was his sole executor—his sole residuary legatee—his sole friend—and sole mourner. O, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone was Scrooge—a grasping, wrenching, clutching, scraping, covetous old sinner.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say—“My dear

Scrooge! how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him for a trifle. No children asked him—"What it was o'clock?"

Even the blind-men's dogs appeared to know him, and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into door-ways, and up courts; and then would wag their tails, as though they said—"No eye at all, is better than an evil eye! dark master." But what did Scrooge care!! Bah! all this was the very thing he liked!

One day, of all the days of the year, on Christmas eve, old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house; it was cold, bleak, biting weather—foggy withal—he could hear the people outside, go wheezing up and down,—beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond—a sort of tank—was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire—the clerk's fire was so very much smaller, it looked like one coal, but he couldn't replenish it, because Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room—wherefore, the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, Uncle!" said a cheerful voice,—it was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who had just entered.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug! You don't mean that, Uncle!"

“I do! Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What’s Christmas-time to you, but a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer—a time for paying bills—without money. Merry Christmas! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.”

“Keep it! Yes; but you don’t keep it.”

“Let me leave it alone then; much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you.”

“There are many things, Uncle, from which I might have derived good, by which I have not benefited, I daresay, Christmas among the rest; but I am sure, I have always thought of Christmas when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name, and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that, as a good time—a kind, forgiving, loving, charitable time; and although, Uncle, it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good, and I say God bless it.”

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

“Let me hear another sound from you,” said Scrooge, “and you’ll keep *your* Christmas—by losing your situation.”

“Don’t be angry, Uncle! Come and dine with us to-morrow!”

“No—I wont!”

“But—why?—why?”

“Why did you get married?”

“Because I—well—because I fell in love.”

“Because you fell in love!! Good afternoon!”

“ We’ve never had a quarrel, Uncle, to which I have been a party, why can’t we be friends ?”

“ Good afternoon !”

“ Well, I’ll keep my Christmas humour to the last—so a merry Christmas, Uncle !”—

“ Good afternoon !”

“ And a happy New-Year.”

“ Good afternoon !”

Foggier yet, and colder—piercing, searching, biting cold. The owner of one scant young nose, knawed and mumbled by the cold, as bones are knawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge’s key-hole to regale him with a Christmas Carol—but at the first sounds of

“ God bless you, merry gentleman,
May nothing you dismay,”

Scrooge seized the ruler, with such alacrity that the singer fled in terror, leaving the key-hole to the fog, and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will, Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

“ You’ll want all day to-morrow, I suppose !” said Scrooge.

“ If quite convenient, Sir !”

“ But it’s *not* convenient—and it’s not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you’d think yourself ill-used, I’ll be

bound!—(The clerk smiled faintly.)—And yet you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a-year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket, every twenty-fifth of December," said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin.

But I suppose you *must* have the whole day. Be here all the earlier, next morning.

The clerk promised that he would, and Scrooge walked out with a growl.—*Charles Dickens.*

MARLEY'S GHOST.

ADAPTED FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

(*By kind permission of Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL.*)

SCROOGE took his usual melancholy dinner, in his usual melancholy tavern, and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's-book—went home to bed.

Now it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. Let any one explain then, if he can, how it happened, that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, not a knocker, but Marley's face! Marley's face!!

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon,—it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, would be untrue, but, he put his hand on the key he had relinquished—turned it sturdily—walked in—and lit his candle.

He then went through his rooms to see that all was right—sitting-room—bed-room—lumber-room—all as they should be. Nobody under the table—nobody under the sofa. A small fire in the grate. Spoon and basin ready—the little sauce-pan of gruel—(Scrooge had a cold in his head)—upon the hob. Nobody under the bed. Nobody in the closet.

Quite satisfied—he locked himself in—double-locked himself in—which was not his custom.

Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat—put on his dressing-gown, slippers, and his night-cap, and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

As Scrooge leaned back in his chair, he heard a clanking noise, deep down below—as if some one were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar.

The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound!

Then he heard the noise much louder!

Then coming up the stair! Then coming straight towards his door!!

“It's humbug!” said Scrooge, “I won't believe it!”

His colour changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room, before his eyes!

The same face!! the very same!!

Marley in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots.

His body was transparent, so that Scrooge—observing

him—and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on the coat behind.

“How, now!” said Scrooge; “what do you want with me?”

“Much!”

“Who are you?”

“Ask me who I *was*?”

“Who *were* you then? you’re particular—for a shade.”

He was going to say “*to* a shade,” but altered the word as more appropriate.

“In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.”

“Can you sit down?”

“I can.”

“Do it then.”

Scrooge asked the question because he didn’t know that a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair. But the Ghost sat down as if he were quite used to it.

“You don’t believe in me?”

“I don’t.”

“Why do you doubt your senses?”

“Because a little thing affects them; a slight disorder of the stomach makes ’em cheats. You may be a blot of mustard—a crumb of cheese—a fragment of an under-done potato. There’s more of *gravy* than of *grave* about you, whatever you are. Humbug, I tell you! Humbug!!”

At this the Spectre raised such a frightful cry, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon.

“Mercy!!” he cried, “dreadful apparition! Why do you trouble me?”

“Man of the worldly mind, do you believe in me or not?”

“I do! I must! but why do spirits walk the earth? and why do they come to me?”

“It is required of every man, that the Spirit within him, should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and if that spirit go not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world, and witness what it cannot share—but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness.”

“Jacob! Old Jacob Marley,” said Scrooge, “tell me more—speak comfort to me, Jacob.”

“I have none to give—it comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by *other* ministers, to *other* kinds of men. I cannot rest—I cannot linger anywhere—in life, my spirit never roved beyond the limits of our money-changing hole, and weary journeys lie before me.”

“You must have been very slow about it, Jacob! Seven years dead! and travelling all the time?”

“The whole time. No rest! No peace! incessant torture of remorse.”

“You travel fast?”

“On the wings of the wind.”

“You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years, Jacob!!”

“O captive-bound! and double-ironed! not to know, that any Christian spirit, working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life, too short, for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know, that no space of regret, can make amends for one life’s day misused.”

“But you were always a good man of business, Jacob!!”

“Business!! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business. Charity! Mercy! Forbearance! Benevolence! were all my business. The dealings of my trade, were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings, with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star, which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me*? Hear me!!! my time is nearly gone.”

“I will—I will—but don’t be hard upon me! don’t be flowery, Jacob!!”

“I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate, Ebenezer.”

“You were always a good friend to me, Jacob—thank’ee.”

“Look to see me no more, and look, that for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us.”—*Charles Dickens.*

EXAMINATION OF MR. WINKLE AND SAM
WELLER.

ADAPTED FROM "THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

(By kind permission of Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL.)

Judge. What is the first case on the file, Brother Buzfuz?

Buzfuz. Bardell *versus* Pickwick, my Lud.

Judge. Who is your first witness?

Buz. Samuel Weller, my Lud.

Judge. Call Samuel Weller.

Sam. Weller, upon hearing his name, stepped briskly into the witness-box, put his hat on the floor, his arms on the rail, and took a bird's-eye view of the assembled Court.

Judge. What's your name, Sir?

Sam. Sam. Weller, my Lord.

Judge. Do you spell it with a V or a W?

Sam. That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a V.

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud—"Quite right, too, Samivel; quite right. Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we."

Judge. Do you know who that is who has dared to address the Court?

Sam. I rayther suspect it is my father, my Lord.

Judge. Do you see him here now?

Sam. "No, I don't, my Lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

Judge. If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly.

Sam bowed his acknowledgments, and turned with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

Buz. Now, Mr. Weller.

Sam. Now, sir.

Buz. I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick? Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

Sam. I mean to speak up, sir; I am in the service of that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is.

Buz. Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?

Sam. Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

Judge. You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir; it's not evidence.

Sam. Wery good, my Lord.

Buz. Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant? Eh, Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I do, sir.

Buz. Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

Sam. I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury, and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days.

Judge. You had better be careful, sir.

Sam. So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my Lord, and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; wery careful, indeed, my Lord.

The Judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

Buz. Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller—do you mean to tell me, that you saw nothing of the fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant?

Sam. Certainly not. I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady wasn't there.

Buz. Now, attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage till they called you up, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I have a pair o' eyes, and that's just-it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs, and a deal-door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited.

Buz. It's perfectly useless, my Lud, attempting to get at any evidence, through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. Stand down, sir.

Sam. Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?

Buz. Go down, sir!!!

Sam went down accordingly.

Judge. Who is your next witness, Brother Buzfuz?

Buz. Nathaniel Winkle, my Lud.

Judge. Call Nathaniel Winkle.

Mr. Winkle entered the witness-box, and bowed to the judge.

Judge. Don't look at me, sir; look at the jury.

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate.

Judge. What's your name, sir?

Winkle. W-Winkle.

Judge. What's your Christian name, sir?

Winkle. Na-thaniel, sir.

Judge. Daniel—any other name?

Winkle. Na-thaniel, sir.

Judge. Nathaniel Daniel—or Daniel Nathaniel?

Winkle. No, my Lord, only Na-thaniel—not Daniel at all.

Judge. Why did you tell me it was Daniel, then?

Winkle. I d-didn't, my Lord.

Judge. You did, sir; how could I have got Daniel in my notes, unless you had told me so?

Buz. Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me, if you please. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick, are you not?

Winkle. I—I have known Mr. Pickwick, now—as well as I can recollect at this moment, nearly—

Buz. Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick?

Winkle. I—I was just about to say, that ——

Buz. Will you, or will you not, answer my question?

Judge. If you don't answer the question, sir, you'll be committed.

Buz. Come, sir, yes or no, if you please.

Winkle. Y-Yes—I am.

Buz. Yes, you are!! And why couldn't you say so at once, sir? Perhaps you know Mrs. Bardell, too—eh, Mr. Winkle?

Winkle. I—I don't know her—I—I've seen her.

Buz. Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her.
What do you mean by that, Mr. Winkle?

Winkle. I—mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her, when I went to call upon my friend, Mr. P-Pickwick, in G-Goswell Street.

Judge. Will you stop that stammering, Mr. Winkle!!!

Winkle. My Lord, it's a natural impediment in my speech—which I c-can by no p-possibility g-get over.

Buz. Oh, get down, Mr. Winkle. . . .

—*Charles Dickens.*

“SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.”

ADAPTED FROM “THE PICKWICK PAPERS.”

(*By kind permission of Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL.*)

SAM WELLER—OLD MR. WELLER.

Old Weller. Vell, Sammy!!

Sam. Vell, my Prooshan Blue; what's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?

Old W. Mrs. Veller passed a verry good night, but is uncommon perverse, and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy.

Sam. No better yet?

Old W. All the symptoms aggerawated. But what's that

you're a doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?

Sam. I've done now, father, I've been a writin'.

Old W. So I see. Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?

Sam. Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't. It's a walentine.

Old W. A what!!

Sam. A walentine.

Old W. Samivel! Samivel! I didn't think you'd ha' done it!! Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company of your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day!! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy!! I didn't think you'd ha' done it!!

Sam. Wot's the matter now?

Old W. Nev'r mind, Sammy; it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time o' life, but I'm pretty tough, as the wery old turkey remarked, wen the farmer said he was afeard he'd be obliged to kill him, for the London market.

Sam. Wot'll be a trial?

Old W. To see you married, Sammy. To see you a deluded wictim, and you, thinkin' in your innocence, that it's all wery capital. It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelins', that 'ere Sammy.

Sam. Nonsense!! I ain't a goin' to get married, don't fret yourself about that. I know you're a judge o' these

things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there!!

Old W. All right, Sammy, fire away!!!

Sam. (reading). "Lovely creetur"—

Old W. Stop. 'Taint in poetry, is it?

Sam. No, no.

Old W. Wery glad to hear it, Sammy. Poetry's un-nat'ral. No man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day—or Warren's blackin'—or Rowland's oil—or some o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin', Sammy.

Sam. "Lovely creetur, I feel myself a—I feel myself a—"

Old W. You feel yourself a wot, Sammy?

Sam. There's a blot here. Oh—it's "shamed." "I feel myself ashamed."

Old W. Wery good, Sammy, go on.

Sam. "Feel myself ashamed and completely cir—" I forget wot this here word is.

Old W. Why don't you look at it then?

Sam. So I am a-lookin' at it, but there's another blot. Here's a "c," and a "i," and a "d."

Old W. Circumwented, p'raps.

Sam. No, it ain't that—"circumscribed;" that's it.

Old W. That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy.

Sam. Think not?

Old W. Nothin' like it.

Sam. But don't you think it means more?

Old W. Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word. Go on, Sammy.

Sam. "Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it."

Old W. That's a verry pretty sentiment, Sammy.

Sam. Yes, I think it is rayther good.

Old W. Wot I like in that 'ere style o' writin', is, that there ain't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy? You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, vich is verry well known to be a col-lection o' fabulous animals. Drive on, Sammy.

Sam. "Afore I see you I thought all women was alike."

Old W. So they are.

Sam. "But now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all."

Old W. I'm afeard that werges on the poetical, Sammy.

Sam. No, it don't. "Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude." That's all.

Old W. That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?

Sam. Not a bit on it. She'll vish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'.

Old W. Vell, there's somethin' in that; an' I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same genteel principle.—*Charles Dickens.*

SELECTIONS FROM "THE OLD LIEUTENANT
AND HIS SON."

ADAPTED FOR RECITAL.

(By kind permission of Messrs. WM. ISBISTER & Co.)

FATHER AND SON.

Old Lieut. Neddy, my boy, did you ever think what profession you would like to follow?

Neddy. Yes, father, the sea, with your permission.

Old L. The sea! my boy! I needn't tell you, Ned, that I honour the sea; all the honours your old father ever gained, were gained on the sea! Ned, I'd give my right hand to see you in the navy, if we had the old ships, the old men, the old officers, and the old wars. But these, all these are gone!!

Ned. Well, I must do something, father. I can't hang on you and mother much longer; and I won't.

Old L. Bless you, my boy! I like your spirit! Well, well! we'll think about it; I'll have a talk with old Freeman; he's a man of sound commonsense! Any man who was boatswain in the "Arethusa," must have the right stuff in him. Yes; I'll have a talk with old Freeman.

MRS. FLEMING AND THE OLD LIEUTENANT.

Mrs. F. Edward, dear, what think you of the Church for Neddy? I do so fear the temptations and dangers of the sea.

Old L. Mary, my love, do you think a parson has no temptations, or the pulpit no dangers ; I have known parsons firing broadsides and shewing bunting on Sundays, but all the week silent and without a signal. Don't tell me, a parson has no temptations.

Mrs. F. A doctor then, Edward.

Old L. Well, you see, Mary, neither Neddy nor I ever took medicine ourselves ; and we wouldn't like to give it to other people.

Mrs. F. Any profession, Edward, any profession to keep Neddy at home.

Old L. Well, well ! We'll see about it. One thing I'm resolved on, and that is, that our Neddy shan't enter one of the idle professions. Look at some of our young swells,—these fellows talk big English—swagger along the streets, and flirt with the girls. They ape at being gentlemen, without work to soil their fingers, or thoughts to shake up their brains—if they have any. I tell you, Mary, I'd rather see our Neddy a tailor, sewing his own clothes, than see him parade the streets, an idle fool ! in clothes he might have worked for, but wouldn't —.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND FREEMAN.

Old L. We've been thinking, Freeman, we've been thinking what to make of Neddy. His mother thinks the sea dangerous.

Freeman. Captain, I've often remarked that men drown boats, oftener than boats drown men.

Old L. You're quite correct, Freeman, you're quite correct! the seaman makes the vessel! His mother would like him to be a parson.

Freeman. (Shakes his head.)

Old L. You're quite correct, Freeman, you're quite correct; Ned has ballast, but not bunting for a parson! a doctor, Freeman, eh?

Freeman. A doctor, Captain! Give me a man who will lose his own legs on deck—fighting for Queen and country, and not waste his time sawing off the legs of other men in the cock-pit.

Old L. You're quite correct, Freeman, you're quite correct. Pills and plasters won't do for Ned!—a lawyer, Freeman, eh?

Freeman. A lawyer, Captain! No, no, a lawyer's rig won't do.

Old L. You're quite correct, Freeman, you're quite correct; I don't understand these lawyer fellows a bit.

Freeman. No, nor nobody else, Captain.

“A life on the ocean-wave;
A home on the rolling deep.”

The sea! the old sea's the thing for Ned! Blow breezes, blow! It's in the lad, Captain; it's in the lad!

MRS. FLEMING AND OLD “BABBY.”

Mrs. F. Well, Babby! We have at last resolved to let Ned go to sea.

Babby. Oor Neddy gaun tae the sea! Never tell me

he's gaun tae the sea—a nesty, jumblin' pairt o' creation. Can ye no mak' him a shop-keeper or—somethin' at hame?

Mrs. F. No, no; Babby! That would never do for our Neddy.

Babby. May-be no!! he's ower prood for that! Eh, sirs, the day!! it's a wunnerfu' thing, this pride! Ye'll no let yer laddie hannle tea! but ye think taur's nicer for his hauns. Ye objec' tae saft sugar, but no tae saut-water. There's ae thing, if he was a shop-keeper, he wad never be drooned. An' he micht be a Bailie, or the Provost—may-be—an' merry a fine winsome lass. An'—noo, Mistress Fleemin', ye needna lauch at me—for I'm positeeve-I'm richt. For my sake! for a' oor sakes, keep my bonnie laddie in his auld nest.

OLD "BABBY" AND YOUNG NED.

Babby. Noo, Mister Ned, ye'll no put on thae fine socks, unless ye be askit oot tae yer denner.

Ned. Asked out to dinner, Babby! Who's to ask me? A mermaid! eh?

Babby. I'm no heedin' wha asks ye. A merrmaid, as ye ca' her, is just as guid as onybody else—if she's a nice bit lassie. When it's cauld, ye'll put on the comforter I made ye; an' if ye're wyse, ye'll tak' yer umbrella wi' ye, tae keep the saut-water aff yer new pilot jacket. What are ye lauchin' at? ye silly laddie!!

NED'S LAST NIGHT AT HOME.

Mrs. F. Darling Ned! You and I shall have no sad farewells; but promise me, that you will read a little of this

Bible every day; and that you will never neglect your prayers to God. .

Ned. I do promise, mother, with heart, soul, and strength.

Old Lieut. You'll go and kill yourself with this packing business! Leave us, Mary! I want to speak to Ned.—Ned, you know, *I* have no present to give you.

Ned. Present, father!! You!!

Old L. No, my boy, no! but for all that, I mean to give you my dearest treasure on earth—look at that signature.

Ned. Nelson!!! an order from him to you, father; to make certain signals!

Old L. Ay, lad, an order from him to me, your father: Ned, I give that to you as my parting gift, that, as you look at it, in storm or sunshine, at home or abroad, you may remember that England expects every man to do his duty, and that you may never disgrace your old father, by neglecting yours.

Ned. Thank you, father; whatever happens to me, I'll never part with it, and I hope I won't disgrace you.

Old L. My own boy! I'm sure you never will. Ned, I never had much learning, never could tell you what was passing here; can't do it now, a heavy sea swamps me when I want to sail a-head! Ned, you must be a better man than your old father! for I never saw my father at all, and hardly ever my poor mother! Ned, you must do what your good mother has taught you, though God knows! how I love you, Ned!

Ned. Dear father! don't speak in that way, as if you wern't the best father in the world! What did I ever see in you, but good! What did I ever get from you, but good!

Old L. Do you say so, Ned? Do you believe that! I tell you, Ned, to hear that from your own lips—I tell you—I—I—God bless you!! God bless and keep you, my own boy!!—*Dr. Norman Macleod.*

A FRENCHMAN'S DILEMMA.

(*Broken English.*)

I HAF just *arrivé* in New York from ze steamaire; and by ze recommendation of some of mine friends, I haf *decidé* to stop at ze Hotel in Collect Street. I go in vat you call ze ca-ab to ze place, vich I find vair nice. Zey geeve me a good room; eet vas high up ze stairs in ze garrette—but “nevaire mind,” zey say, “eet ees vair hailzey and for view ze metro-polees.” I haf receive mine *baggage*, and I make mine *toilette*. Zen I sink, vat sall I do? Ah! I vill take ze *promenade*. Good! *Très-bien!* I deescend to ze offeece, and request ze *plaisir* to be introduce to ze *propriétaire*. Ze *propriétaire* he come, and I sank heem vair mooch for ze room, ze *grand accomodation*. I tell heem zat I sink I vill go to ze *promenade*, and see ze ceety by ze night-light, if he vill so mooch oblige as to geeve me ze nombaire of ze hotel. He tell me vair

polite zat ze hotel ees nombaire five Collect Street. He vas vair polite, and I make him *adieu*, and proceed to ze street. I repeat to mineself, "Ze nombaire five Collect Street—five Collect Street—nombaire five." I sink I nevaire forget zat nombaire.

I look from dees side to ze ozzer side. Oh! I admire ze noveltee of zat street. Eet is *admirable*. Zen I look again. Ah! *Monsieur* Barnoom—*Menagérie!* ze vite *éléphant!* ze ladee vis ze beard! Ze snake vis ze tousand stripe on hees boday! Ze leeon, ze teegar, ze monkee, ze cat, ze bird, zey all leeve togezzer. Vot a countree! Vat a— Nombaire five Collect Street—nombaire five—I nevaire forget zat nombaire.

I continue mine *promenade* and stand *vis-à-vis*—vat you call—opposeet vair *brillant palais*, vis ze inveetation to come in by ze door. I sink I go in—I entaire, and I pay five *francs*, ven I be-hold a sight *charmant*. Eet ees a *théâtre*. I am vair content. Ah! nombaire—vat vas ze nombaire? *Oui*; nombaire five Collect Street. I nevaire forget ze nombaire! Presently ze—vat you call—ze curtain make oop, and ze *acteur* he comes on, and he play *Macca-bess*. Oh! ze vondaireful *Macca-bess!* I roosh to ze front, and I say:

"Ah! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! He is g-r-ää-nd—mysterieuse—soo-blime! You 'ave reads ze Macabess?—ze scene of ze Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch—eh? Superb sooblimatee! Ven he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-roynt ze, Vitch!' she go away: but what she *say* when she go away?"

She say she will do somesing dat 'aves got no na-äme! 'Ah, ha!' she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aät vizout ze tail—but, I'll do! I'll do! I'll do!' *Vat* she do? Ah, ha!—*le gra-and mystérieuse* Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! She not say what she do!" Zen I stop mineself, I sink—vat ees zat nombaire? I sink—I sink—*oui!* Nombaire five Collect Street. I nevaire forget zat nombaire! *Très-bien.* Zen I continue:

"Mossieu' Macabess, he see Macaduffs come, clos' by: he say, '*Come o-o-n,* Mossieu' Macaduffs!' Zen zey fi-ight—moche. Ah, ha!—*voilà!* Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-right r-r-appier, 'pink' him, vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots *mal d'estomac:* he say, vis *grand simplicité,* 'Enoffs!' What *for* he say 'Enoffs'? 'Cause he *got* enoffs—pla-änty; and he *expire,* r-r-ight away, 'mediately, pretty queeck! Ah, *mes amis,* Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is a rising man in *La Belle France!*"

Zen I sink again—vat ees zat nombaire? I sink of nossing but nombaire Macca-bess, Shak-es-pier Street. No, no! zat ees not eet! Eet ees nombaire Shak-es-pier—*Diable!* Zat ees not eet! Oh, mine grace-chious! Vat sall I do? I forget ze nombaire! Vy I come in ze *misérable théâtre?* Zen ze people zey come at me—zey say, "Vat for you make troubles in ze *théâtre?* Put ze crazee Frenchman out! Put heem out!" Ze people zey poosh, zey pull—zey keek me all ze vay to ze—vat you call—ze si-de-vaik. I lose mine five *francs.* I lose mine *chapeau.* I lose mine nombaire. I lose mine *courage.* I sall go

derangé. Zen I hear a man say, "Ca-ab, saïr?" He say, "I takes you any vere you sall veesh to go for five dollaire." I sink it vair funnee, but he take me by ze arm and put me in ze *cabriolet*. I sink now I hav end of ze troubles. I seet down and make mineself *comfortable*. Zen ze *miserable* man he ask me, "Vere I sall vish to go." I say, "I vish to go to ze hotel, but I not know ze nombaire." Vat you zink he do? Ze—vat you call—ze peeg—he dra-ag me out of ze ca-ab—he shut ze door, and he go vay visout me.

Vat sall I do? I go zees vay—I go zat vay—I not know vere I sall go. Zen annozer man vis ze cab—he take me by ze arm and put me in hees ca-ab. I say to heem, "I vish to go to ze hotel—but I not know hees nombaire." He tell me to go to—someveres else. Eet vas not mine nombaire vat he say, so I come again out of ze ca-ab. Zen a beeg man vis blue coat and beeg club take me by ze arm, and say, "Vat for you make some troubles?" I say to heem, vair polite and *tranquil*, zat I haf forgot ze nombaire, and zat I vish to go to ze hotel. He call me *nuisance* and crazee, and say he take me to ze Police Office. I say zat is not mine hotel—not mine nombaire. He take me to ze *juge*—vat you call—justeece, and he say zat I am disturbance in ze *théâtre* and in ze street, and make troubles viz ze ca-abs.

Ze justeece hear ze story of ze big man viz ze club, and zen he ask me vat ees mine name, and vere I leeve.

Ze *occasion*, zat ees, ze *opportunité* haf now arrive zat I

can prove zat I am *gentilhomme*, and not ze blackguard. I say, "*Monsieur le justice*, I am *misérable* strangair. I haf forget mine nombaire. I know not vich vay I leeve.

Zen I zink—I get ze gra-and idea. I say to ze justeece, "Monsieur—vat ees dat, ven you go to ze *partie*, and you eat and you drink vair mooch; and den you go to ze leetle bed, and zen you haf vair bad pain in *l'estomac*—vat you call heem, eh?"

Zen ze justeece make reply zat eet vas ze night-e-mare. "Non, non!" say I to heem, "zat ees not heem. Eet ees not ze night-e-mare street zat I veel. Oh! vat sall I do?"

Ah! zen I sink I veel try anozet times, and I say, "*Monsieur le justice*, vat is dat, ven you go to ze gr-r-reat *partie*, and you eat ze rosbif, ze vat you call him—cra-abs, ze lobstaire, and you dreenk ze vine of *champagne*, ze port, ze claret—all ze sorts of every sing. You go to your leetle bed—you make sleep. Zen zere come in a beeg giant by ze vindow, and seet himself on your *estomac*—and you haf ter-r-rible pain. Vat you call zat, eh?"

Zen ze justeece, he say zat ees a vair bad case of ze *indigestion*. "Non, non!" say I, "zat is not ze *indigestion* street zat I veel. Vat ees eet more for me to do? I am crazee! *Monsieur le justice!*" I cry once more viz *desperation*, "vat ees dat, eef you go to ze gr-r-r-and *partie*, and you eat ze rosbif, ze turkey, ze *salade* ze lobstaire, ze ice-cream, ze macaroni, and dreenk ze vine, ze *cau-de-vie*, ze Scotch veeskee. Zen you go to your leetle bed, and make for to sleep, and vun big giant he come een and he seet on

your *estomac* on ze one side, and ze vife of ze giant, tree, four time as beeg, come een and seet on ze ozzer side of your *estomac*; and you have ze *hor-r-rible* pain—vat you call heem, eh?” Zen ze justeece say he sink zat eet most be vair like ze *colique*.

Ah! Oui, oui! zat ees eet! Oh, *Monsieur le bon justice!* you haf save me! I sall nevaire forget zat—nevaire! Zat ees ze Collect Street vat I vant! Oh, *Monsieur le justice*—tank you, sare. I sall nevair forget zat Nombaire.

PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP.

(*By kind permission of the Author.*)

THERE'S some think Injins pison, and others fancy 'em scum, and most would slay 'em out o' the way, clean into Kingdom come; but don't you go and make mistakes, like many dern'd fools I've known, for dirt is dift, and snakes is snakes, but an Injin's flesh and bone! We were seeking gold in the Texan hold, and we'd had a blaze o' luck, more rich and rare the stuff ran there at every foot we struck. I was Captain then o' the mining men, and I had a precious life, for a wilder set I never met at derringer and at knife; nigh every day there was some new fray, and a shot in some one's brain, and the cussedest sheep in all the heap was an Imp of Sin, from Maine—Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three, with a squint to make you skew'd, his face all scabb'd,

and twisted and stabb'd, with carroty hair and beard, sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as a grizzly's squeal, limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had nick'd him in the heel. He was the primest workman there!—'twas a sight to see him toil: To the waist all bare, all devil and dare, the sweat on his cheeks like oil; with pickaxe and spade in sun and shade he labour'd without cessation, but when his spell was over,—well! he liked his recreation. And being a crusty kind of cuss, the only sport he had when work was over seemed to us a bit too rough and bad; for to put some lead in a feller's head, was the greatest fun in life, and the only joke he liked to poke, was the point of his precious knife. But, game to the bone was Phil, I'll own, and he always fought most fair, with as good a will to be killed as kill, true grit as any there. But his eddication, to his ruination, had not been over nice, and his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice; for a white man *he* was an ekal, free to be fought in open fray, but an *Injin* a snake, make no mistake, to scotch in any way.

Well, we'd jest struck our bit o' luck, and were wild as raving men, when who should stray to camp one day, but Black Panther, the Cheyenne. Now, the poor old cuss had been known to us, and I knew that he was true,—I'd hev trusted him with life and limb, soon as I'd trust *you*. Well, I took the Panther into camp, and the critter was well content, and off with him, on the hunting tramp, next day our party went, and I reckon that day and the next we didn't hunger for food, and only one in the camp

look'd vext—that Imp of Sin, Phil Blood. Well, back jest then came our hunting men, with the Panther at their head, full o' his fun was every one, and the Panther's eyes were red, and he skipt about with grin and shout, for he'd had a drop that day, and he twisted and twirled, and squeal'd and skirl'd, in the foolish Injin way. To the waist all bare, Phil Blood lay there, with only his knife in his belt, and I saw his bloodshot eye-balls glare, and I knew how fierce he felt, when the Injin dances, with grinning glances, around him as he lies, with his painted skin and his monkey grin,—and leers into his eyes. Then before I knew what I should do Phil Blood sprang to his feet, and the Injin could trace the hate in his face, and his heart began to beat. “Git out o' the way,” he heard them say, “for he means to hev your life!” but before he could fly at the warning cry, he saw the flash o' the knife. “Run, Panther, run!” cried every one, and the Panther took the track; with a wicked glare, like a wounded bear, Phil Blood sprang at his back.

Now, the spot of ground where our luck was found, was a queerish place, you'll mark, jest under the jags o' the mountain crags and the precipices dark. Far up on high, close to the sky, two crags leant together, leaving a gap, like an open trap, with a gleam of golden weather. A pathway led from the beck's dark bed up to the crags on high, and up that path the Injin fled, fast as a man could fly. Now, the breadth o' the trap, tho' it seemed so small from the place below, d'ye see, was what a *deer* could

easily clear, but a *man*—well, not *for me!* and it happened, yes! the path, I guess, led straight to that there place, and if one o' the two did'nt leap it, whew! they must meet there face to face. But up they went! yes, up they went! and I shook as they disappeared,—one minute more—and we gave a roar—for the Injin had leapt,—and *cleared!* A leap for a deer, not a man, to clear,—and the bloodiest grave below! but the critter was smart and mad with fear, and he went like a bolt from a bow! Close after him came the devil's limb, with his eyes as wild as death, but when he came to the gulch's brim, I reckon he paused for breath! For breath at the brink! but a white man shrink, when a red had passed so neat? I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd turn his back dead beat! He takes one run, leaps up i' the sun, and bounds from the slippery ledge, and he clears the hole, but—God help his soul!—jest touches the other edge! One scrambling fall—one shriek—one call—from the men that stand and stare,—black in the blue where the sky looks thro', he staggers—dwarf'd up there—the edge he touches—then sinks—and clutches the rock—my eyes grow dim—I turn away—what's that they say?—“he's a-hangin' on to the brim!” . . . On the very brink o' the fatal clink a thin wild shrub there grew, and to that he clung, and in silence swung betwixt us and the blue, and as soon as a man could run, I ran the way I'd see them flee, and I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side, and—what d'ye think I see? “All up?” Not quite. “Still hanging?” Right! But he'd torn away

the shrub ; with lolling tongue he clutch'd and swung—"To what?" ay, that's the rub ! I saw him glare and dangle in air,—for he trod the empty gorge,—help'd by a *pair o' hands* up there!—"The Indian's?" Yes, by George !!

Now, boys, look here ! for many a year I've roughed in this here land—and many a sight both day and night I've seen, that I think grand ; over the whole wide world I've been, and I know both things and men, but the *biggest* sight I've ever seen, was the sight I saw jest then. I held my breath—so nigh to death Phil Blood swung hand and limb, and it seemed to me that down he'd flee, with the Panther after him—but the Injin now puts out his strength, another minute past—and safe and sound to the solid ground, he drew Phil Blood at last ! "Saved?" True for you ! By an Injin too!—and the man he meant to kill ! There, all alone, on the brink o' stone, I see them standing, still ; Phil Blood gone white, with the struggle and fright, like a great mad bull at Bay, and the Injin meanwhile, with a half-skeer'd smile, ready to spring away. "What did Phil do?" Well, I watched the two, and I saw Phil Blood turn back, then he leant to the brink—and took a blink—into the chasm black—then, stooping low, for a moment or so—he drew his bowie bright, and he chucked it down the gulf with a frown, and whistled, and lounged from sight. Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent, thoughtful, and grim, while the Panther, grinning as he passed, still kept his eyes on him ; Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below, down by a mountain-track, with his lips set tight, and his face all

white, and the Panther at his back. I reckon they stared when the two appeared! but never a word Phil spoke; some o' them laughed, and others jeered—but he let them have their joke; he seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed, the sun in his eyes too bright, and, in spite o' their cheek, for many a week, he never offered to fight; and after that day, he changed his play, and kept a civiller tongue, and whenever an Injin came that way, his contrary head he hung; but whenever he heard the lying word, "It's a LIE!" Phil Blood would groan, "A Snake *is* a Snake, make no mistake! but an *Injin's* flesh and bone!"—*Robert Buchanan.*

JUD. BROWNIN' ON RUBENSTEIN'S PLAYING.

"JUD., they say you heard Rubenstein play, when you were in New York."

"I did, last fall."

"Well, tell us about it."

"What! me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Wal', sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, cattycorneredest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was h'isted. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the entire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven."

“ Played well, did he ? ”

“ You bet, he did. When he first sat down, he ’peared to keer mighty little ’bout playin’, and wisht he hadn’t come. He tweedle-eedled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—jest foolin’ and boxin’ the thing’s jaws for bein’ in his way. And I says to a man sittin’ next to me, says I : ‘ What sort o’ fool playin’ is that ? ’ And he says, ‘ Heish ! ’ But presently his hands commenced chasin’ one ’nother up and down the keys, like a passel o’ rats scamperin’ through a garret very swift.

“ ‘ Now,’ I says to my neighbour, ‘ he’s a-showin’ off. He thinks he’s a-doin’ of it, but he ain’t got no idee, no plan of nothin’. If he’d play me a tune of some kind or other I’d ——.’

“ But my neighbour says, ‘ Heish ! ’ very impatient.

“ I was jest about to git up and go home, bein’ tired of that foolishness, when I heerd a little bird wakin’ up away off in the woods, and callin’ sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up, and I see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sat down again. It was the peep o’ day. The light came faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all began singin’ together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Jest then the first beam o’ the sun fell upon the blossoms—a leetle more and it techt the roses on the bushes—the next thing it was broad day ; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they’d split their little

throats ; all the leaves were movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me, like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"And I says to my neighbour : 'That's music, that is.'

"But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

"Then the sun went down, it got dark ; the wind moaned and wept, like a lost child for its dead mother. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for ; and yet I didn't want that music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable, than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung down my head, and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose, loud, to keep from cryin'. My eyes are weak anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine.

"Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped and rar'd, he tipped and tar'd. 'Peared to me, that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all a-goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of bricks ; he set every livin' jint in me a-going ; and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt spang onto my seat, and jest hollered :

"*'Go it my Rube !'*

"Every man, woman, and child in the house, riz on me, and shouted : 'Put him out ! put him out ! put him out !!'

“ ‘Put your great-grandmother’s grizzly-grey-greenish cat, into the middle of next month!’ I says. ‘Tech me if you dar! I’ve paid my money, and I’m bound to hear old Rube out—or die!’

“He had changed his tune again. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the old church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play, from the world’s end to the world’s end; and the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feelin’ that couldn’t be thought, and began to drip, drop—drip, drop—drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy, fallin’ into a lake of glory. It was as sweet as a sweet-heart, sweetened with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver, and seed diamonds. It was too sweet.

“Then he run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he dug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he jest went for that old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn’t let her up. He crossed over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands around, ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, turned and tacked and tangled into forty-seven thousand double bow knots.

“By jings! it was a mixtery. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, by platoons, by companies, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shook, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rock't—heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, ninepences, ten-penny nails, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—raddle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r-lang! Bang! lang! per-ling! p-r-r-r-r-r!! Bang!!!

“With that bang! sir, he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he comes down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted—and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two, hemi-demi-semi-quavers, and I know'd no more.—*M. Adams.*

THE RAPIDS.

(Adapted.)

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That is the Niagara river," he said.

"Well, it is a beautiful stream; bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two."

"Is it possible, that only a mile from here, we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show, when near the falls?"

"You will find it so, sir."

And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara, I shall never forget.

Now, young men, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, it is smooth, beautiful, and glassy. The ripple at the bow, the silvery wake you leave behind, add to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sail, and helm, in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank—"Young men, a-hoy!!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

O, we've heard of the rapids, but we're not such fools as to get there! If we go too fast, we'll up with the helm, and steer for the shore; we'll set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys, on! don't be alarmed—there's no danger.

“ Young men, a-hoy ! ”

“ Well, what is it ? ”

“ The rapids are below you. ”

Ha! ha! ha!! Another old fool told us that—Bother the rapids—We’ll laugh and quaff—All things delight us—What care *we* for the future? No man ever saw it—Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof—We’ll enjoy life while we may—We’ll catch pleasure as it flies—This—this is enjoyment—

“ Young men, a-hoy !!! ”

“ Well, well, what is it now ? ”

“ Beware! beware!! The rapids are below you!! Look how fast you pass that point!! See the water foaming all around you there!! ”

Ah!!! So it is!!! Up with the helm!! Now turn!! Pull hard—quick! quick! Pull for your lives—pull! till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cord upon the brow. Set the mast—pull! pull!! hoist the sail—pull!! pull!!!

Ah!! It is too late!! too late!! Shrieking! howling! cursing! blaspheming!—OVER YOU GO.—*J. B. Gough.*

THE VAGRANT AND HIS DOG.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I. Roger’s my dog. Come here, you scamp! Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye! Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—The rogue is growing a little old; five years we’ve tramped

through wind and weather ; and slept out-doors when nights were cold ; and ate and drank—and starved together— We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!—a bed on the floor ; a bit of rosin, a fire to thaw our thumbs ; (poor fellow ! the paw he holds up there's been frozen) ; plenty of catgut for my fiddle (this out-door business is bad for strings) ; then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle, and Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink ; Roger and I are exceedingly moral—aren't we, Roger?—See him wink ! Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel. He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head ! What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk ! He understands every word that's said,—and he knows good milk from water-and-chalk. The truth is, sir, now I reflect, I've been so sadly given to grog, I wonder I've not lost the respect (here's to you, sir !) even of my dog. But he sticks by, through thick and thin ; and this old coat, with its empty pockets, and rags that smell of tobacco and gin, he'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets. There isn't another creature living would do it, and prove, through every disaster, so fond, so faithful, and so forgiving, to such a miserable, thankless master ! No, sir !—see him wag his tail and grin. . . . By George ! it makes my old eyes water ! that is, there's something in this gin that chokes a fellow—But no matter !

We'll have some music, if you're willing ; and Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is, sir !) shall march a little. Start, you villain ! Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute

your officer! Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle! (Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now, hold your cap while the gentleman gives a trifle, to aid a poor old patriot soldier! March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes, when he stands up to hear his sentence. Now tell us how many drams it takes, to honour a jolly new acquaintance. Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing! The night's before us, fill the glasses!—Quick, sir! Quick! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—Some brandy,—thank you,—There!—it passes!

“Why not reform?” That's easily said; but I've gone through such wretched treatment,—sometimes forgetting the taste of bread, and scarce remembering what meat meant,—that now, alas! I'm past reform; and there are times when, mad with thinking, I'd sell out heaven for something warm, to prop a horrible inward sinking. Is there a way to forget to think? At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends, a dear girl's love,—but I took to drink:—the same old story; you know how it ends. If you could have seen these classic features,—you needn't laugh, sir; they were not then such a burning libel on God's creatures: I was one of your handsome men. . . If you had seen HER, so fair and young, whose head was happy on this breast! If you could have heard the song I sung when the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed that ever I, sir, should be straying from door to door, with fiddle and dog, ragged and penniless,—and playing to you to-night for a glass of grog! . . . She's married since,—a parson's wife: 'twas better for her that we

should part,—better the soberest, prosiest life, than a blasted home and a broken heart. Have I seen her? Once: I was weak and spent, on a dusty road: a carriage stopped: but little she dreamed, as on she went, who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry!—it makes me wild to think of the change! What do you care for a beggar's story? Is it amusing? you find it strange? I had a mother so proud of me! 'Twas well she died BEFORE—Do you know if the happy spirits in heaven can see the ruin and wretchedness here below? Another glass and strong! to deaden this pain; then Roger and I will start. I wonder has *he* such a lumpish, leaden, aching thing in place of a heart? . . . I'm better now; that glass is warming.—You rascal! limber your lazy feet! we must be fiddling and performing for supper and bed, or STARVE IN THE STREET.—Not a very gay life to lead, you think? But soon we shall go where lodgings are free, and the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—the sooner the better—for Roger and me!—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

EUROPEAN GUIDES.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS.*)

EUROPEAN guides know about enough English, to tangle everything up so, that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and

deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there, jumped about us, as if he had swallowed—a spring-mattress—he was full of animation, full of impatience. He said, “Coom vis me, zhenteelmans, I shew you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo—write eet heemself! write vis hees own hand! coom!! After much impressive fumbling of keys, and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. Our guide’s eyes sparkled, he danced about us, and tapped the parchment with his fingers. “Vat I tell you, zhenteelmans!! ees eet not so? Hand-writeeng, Christopher Colombo—write eet heemself!! Write vis hees own hand.”

The doctor, one of our party, usually asks the questions, because he can keep his countenance better, and look more like—an inspired idiot—than any man living; it comes natural to him. He put up his eye-glass, and said, without any shew of interest, “Ah! what did you say was the name of the gentleman who wrote this?”

“Christopher Colombo!!! Ze gret Christopher Colombo!!!”

“Christopher Columbus! the great Christopher Columbus! ah,—did he write himself?”

“He write eet heemself!! Christopher Colombo, hee’s own hand-writeeng, write by heemself!!!”

“Well, Ferguson, I’ve seen boys in New-York, only fourteen years old, could write a better hand than that.”

“But zis ees ze gret Christopher Colombo!!!”

“I don’t care who it is—it’s the worst writing I ever saw.

If you've got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot 'em out—if you haven't—drive on."

He drove on. Our guide was considerably shaken up. He made one more venture; he said—"Ah, Zhenteelmans, you coom vis me. I show you, Bee-u-ti-ful!! Grand! Magneeficent!! Bust—Christopher Colombo!!!"

"I say, Ferguson, what did you say was the name of this gentleman?"

"Christopher Colombo!! ze gret Christopher Colombo!!!"

"Christopher Colombo, the great Christopher Colombo; well, what did he do?"

"Discover America!! discover America!!!"

"No, Ferguson, no; that statement will hardly wash. We arø just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Columbus!! Pleasant name; is he—ah—dead?"

"Dead? been dead tree-hundred year!!!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, zhenteelmans; I cannot tell *vat* he die of."

"Measles, likely."

"Maybe, maybe. I sink he die of—some sings.

"Very likely. Parents living?"

"Imposseable!!"

"Which is the bust, and which is the pedestal?"

"*Zis* de bust!!! *Zis* de pedestal!!!"

“ Ah, I see—happy combination, very happy combination. Is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust? ”—That joke was lost on the foreigner. European guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke. Our guide walked his legs off, nearly, in hunting up extraordinary things, but it was a failure. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder, till the last—a Royal Egyptian Mummy—the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He said—

“ See, zhenteelmans, see !!! ‘ Mummy !! Mummy !! ’ ”

“ Ah, Ferguson, what did you say was the gentleman’s name? ”

“ Name !!! he got no name—Mummy !!! ‘ Gyp-ti-an Mummy !!! ’ ”

“ Yes, yes. Born here? ”

“ No !! no !! ‘ Gyptian Mummy !!! ’ ”

“ Just so. Frenchman, I presume. ”

“ No, no !! *not* French-man !! *not* Ro-man !! born in E-gyp-ta !! born in E-gyp-ta !!! ”

“ Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy, mummy—how calm he looks—how self-possessed—is he—dead? ”

“ *Santa Maria !!* been dead tree tousan’ year !! ”

“ Now look here, Ferguson! What d’ye mean by such conduct as this? Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on us. If you’ve got a nice *fresh* corpse—fetch him out—or, by George !! I’ll brain you. ”—*Mark Twain.*

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG.

(By kind permission of Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS.)

THERE was a feller here, once, by the name of Jim Smiley—in the winter o' '49—or may be it was the spring o' '50—but any way, he was the curiousest man about—always bettin' on anything that turned up. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush; or you'd find him busted—at the end of it. If there was a dog-fight—he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight—he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight—he'd bet on it. Why, if there was two birds sittin' on a fence—he'd bet you which one would fly first. It never made no difference to him—he would bet on anything. The dangdest feller!!!

This yer Smiley had a mare, an' he used to win money on that horse for all she was so slow, and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or somethin' o' that sort. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her on the way; but always at the fag-end o' the race, she'd get excited, an' desperate like, an' come cavortin', an' straddlin' up—scatterin' her legs around—an' kickin' up more dust, an' raisin' more racket, wi' her coughin', an' sneezin', an' blowin' her nose—an' always fetch up at the stand, jest about a neck-a-head, as near as you could cypher it down.

An' he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at, you'd think he weren't worth a cent, but to set around an' look

or'nery, an' lay for a chance to steal somethin'. But as soon as money was upon him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw began to stick out, like the fo'castle o' a steamboat; his teeth would unciver, an' shine savage, like the furnaces. An' a dog might tackle him, an' bully-rag him, an' bite him, an' throw him over his shoulder two or three times, an' Andrew Jackson—that was the name o' the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, an' hadn't looked for nothin' else. An' the bets bein' doubled an' doubled on the other side, all the time, till the money was all up, an' then, all o' a sudden, he would grab that other dog, jest by the jint o' his hind-leg, and freeze to it; not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip, an' hang on, till they throw'd up the sponge—if it was a year.

Wal', this yer Smiley had rat-terriers, an' chicken-cocks, an' Tom-cats, an' all them kin' o' things, till you couldn't rest, an' you couldn't fetch nothin' for him to bet on, but he'd match you.

He ketched a frog one day, an' took him home with him, an' said he cal'clated to edercate him, an' so he never done nothin' for three months, but set in his back-yard, an' learn that frog to jump. You bet, he did learn him too. He'd give him a little punch, an' the next minute you'd see that frog whirlin' in the air like an acrobat. See him turn one summerset, or maybe à couple—if he got a good start—and come down flat-footed, an' all right like a cat, an' fall to scratchin' the side o' his head, wi' his hind-foot, as indifferent

as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see such a frog so modest an' straight for'ard as he was for all he was so gifted.

Wal, this yer Smiley kep' the frog in a little lattice-box, an' us'd to fetch him down town, an' lay for a bet. One day, a feller, a stranger in the camp he was, comes up to Smiley, an' says, "What might it be you've got in the box?"

"Wal," says Smiley, sorter indifferent like, "it might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe; but it ain't, it's only jest a frog."

The feller took the box, an' look'd at it careful, an' turn'd it round this way an' that, an' give it back to Smiley, an' says, "H'm !! so 'tis. Wal, what's he good for?"

"Wal," Smiley says, easy an' careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should jedge—he can out-jump any frog in Calaverous County."

The feller took the box again, an' took another long partic'lar look, an' give it back to Smiley, an' says, very deliberate—"Wal, I don't see no p'int about that frog, that's any better 'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," says Smiley; "maybe you understand frogs, an' maybe you don't understand 'em. Maybe you've had experience, an' maybe you ha'n't—only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, an' I'll risk forty dollars, that he can out-jump any frog in Calaverous County."

An' the feller studied a minute, an' then says, kinder sad

like—"Wal, I'm only a stranger here, an' I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

"That's all right," says Smiley, "if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go an' get you a frog."

The feller took the box, put up his forty dollars, along with Smiley's, an' sat down to wait. He sat there a long while, thinkin', an' thinkin' to hisself. At last he took the frog out, forced his mouth open, took a tea-spoon an' fill'd him full o' quail shot, fill'd him pretty nigh to the chin, an' set him on the floor. Smiley, he went to the swamp, an' slopp'd around in the mud for a long time. At last he ketch'd a frog, fetch'd him in, and give him to the feller, an' says, "Now, if you're ready, set him alongside o' Dan'l"—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—"an' I'll give the word."

Then he says, "One, two, three—jump!!!"

An' him an' the other feller touch'd up the frogs behind. The new frog hopp'd off, but Dan'l give a heave, an' h'isted up his shoulders, so, like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use, he couldn't budge. The feller took the money and started away. Goin' out at the door, he sorter jerk'd his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, an' says again, very deliberate—"Wal, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better 'n any other frog."

Smiley, he stood scratchin' his head, an' lookin' down at Dan'l a long time, an' at last he says—"I do wonder what in thunder that frog throw'd off for? He 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow."

He ketch'd Dan'l by the nape o' the neck, an' says, "Why, blame my cats!! if he don't weigh five pounds!!" He turn'd him upside-down, an' he belch'd out a double-handful o' shot. An' then he see how it was, an' he was the maddest man; he set the frog down, took out after that feller, but he never ketch'd him.—*Mark Twain.*

THE THREE PARSONS.

FROM "QUEER FISH:" DEAN & SON, LONDON.

(By kind permission of the Author.)

I DON'T b'long to the 'Stablisth'd Church myself, sir, as am a Independent, a-beggin' your pardon, as I knows for to be a 'Stablisth'd Church parson. But yer see, wot I say is this. You takes a lot o' us fisher-folks as works hard all the week, a-doin' wot the skipper tells us—a-haulin' in ropes—a-settin' sails—a-draggin' nets, an' one thing or t'other. Well, now, if we chaps goes in for the 'Stablisth'd Church, we ain't nobody—we ain't got no woice, an' we ain't got no sort o' power, or command like. But if so be, as we goes in for the Baptists, or the Methodists, or any o' the sectises, why, bless you, sir, we get made a lot of—some bein' made stooards, some deacons, an' some ev'n a-takin' round the hat. You should see me an' old Cockles in the westry o' a Sunday—an' our names, sir, our wery names called out from the pulpit, sometimes—"Brother Cockles an' Brother Coleman." Then again, if we wants a change o' minister, we can tell

our man to look out for a "Call" to some place else; an' afore we elects a new 'un, we 'ave a lot down on trial, don't ye know. We pays our money, an' we takes our choice. Now, our usual way o' electin' a minister, is this,—We 'ave one man down one Sunday, 'nother the follerin' Sunday, an' so on till we're satisfied. It so 'appen'd one time as 'ow we couldn't satisfy ourselves; we 'ad *six* down runnin', consecativ' like, but none o' 'em didn't suit. At last by some little misunderstandin' we 'ad *three* come down to preach their trial sermon on the same Sunday. So we arranged that the Rev. Paul Duster should 'old forth in the mornin', the Rev. Algernon Sydney Crackles in the arternoon, an' the Rev. John Brown in the evenin'. "You mark my words," says old Cockles to me in the westry that Sunday mornin', "You mark my words, there'll be some close sailin' to-day; I'm rayther inclined to bet on the old gen'l'm as goes first, as is wery orthodox, an' seems to me to carry a deal o' canvas." An awful severe lookin' man were the Rev. Paul Duster, wi' an immense 'ead an' face, both of 'em bald an' shinin', 'is 'ead all over bumps; 'e certainly were awful impressive—to look at!! Old Duster's sermon caused a tremenjous sensation, the langidge bein' full o' Latin an' Greek, an' all sorts. In the arternoon we meets for to hear the second preacher, the Rev. Algernon Sydney Crackles, as turned out so wery poetical, 'e seemed like takin' the wind out o' old Duster's sails. His woice had a bee-u-ti-ful shivery-shakery in it, an' 'e wept, bless you, sir, 'e wept that copious, I thought we'd 'ave to bail the pulpit

out, an' ask 'im to kindly weep over the side. In the evenin' we meets for to hear the last preacher, the Rev. John Brown. The Rev. John Brown!! Why, sir, his name alone were dead agin' 'im. Then 'e were only about five-an'-twenty, an' a trifle under-sized. I could see at once as 'ow 'e didn't go down, like, wi' the congregation. Well, 'e preached 'is sermon; a short, straight-away dociment, wich ev'rybody could understand. It wern't doctrinal! Nor it wern't poetical! But it were just practical!! A-tellin' us as 'ow ev'rybody in the world 'ad dooties to perform, an' 'ow we ought to stick to 'em, an' never-say-die-like; sort o' standin' by the ship, 'owever the wind might blow, or the sea might rage!! On the followin' Wen'sday night there was to be a church meetin' to elect' one o' 'em, but none o' us know'd, sir, none o' us know'd, 'ow wery soon our choice was to be made!!

That Sunday night will never be forgotten, sir, so long as this 'ere place has a boat on the water, or a 'ouse on the shore. The night o' the great storm we calls it, when the Spanish "San Perdro" went to pieces. Afore I turn'd in, I 'ad a look out, as usual, an' I sees a wessel in the offing. An old sailor like me, sir, al'ays sleeps wi' one eye open; so when the wind began to blow, an' the waves was a-tumblin' an' a-rollin' bang against the jetty there, I wakes up, an' I thought o' that ship wot I' ad seen passin'. So I jumps into my clo's, clapp'd on a sou'-wester, an' made for the beach. Wot a night! wot a night! The sky were as black as ink! The wind a-blowin', fit to wake the dead! By-an'-by blaze

went the lightnin'! The thunder pealin' right above our 'eads, an' then rollin' away over that awful sea!! Nigh ev'ry man an' 'ooman in the place was on the beach, an' even little uns 'ad crep' away from 'ome, an' were a-clingin' to their mothers' gowns. The first flash! shewed us an awful sight!! A wessel, 'er riggin' all entangled on 'er deck, driftin' straight on for the rocks! Nought on earth could save 'er! There she was, a noble, 'ansome craft, drivin' right ashore! Drivin' fast an' sure into the jaws o' death! The women were weepin', an' many a brave man's heart, as we stood there grimly silent, was wild with sorrow at its own 'elplessness! Despairin' cries from the wreck were borne to the shore, as she struck—wi' a great shiverin' shock—on that black rock out there! The women shuddered, an' fell on their knees! While from man to man went the question—"Can we do nothin'? Nothin' to 'elp 'em now?" But what *could* we do, none o' our boats could live in a sea like that; an' as for swimmin' off to the wreck—ah! little wonder our 'earts quailed a bit! A lot o' lanterns 'ad been lit, so I could see things pretty plainly. Clingin' together in the back-ground was the women an' little uns. Atween them an' us, was two o' the parsons—the poetical chap on 'is knees; an' old Duster, 'is 'at blow'd clean away, 'is bumps all wisible, a-'oldin' on tight to a jetty-post. I didn't see the *young* preacher chap, as I found out arterwards, 'ad gone to a farm-'ouse, a few miles up country; but as I were thinkin' about 'im, I sees 'im comin' wi' quick 'asty strides towards the water. "Stand aside, women!

Calm an' cool 'e orders 'em, an' to right an' left they scatter. Straight on 'e comes, to where we men was standin'. Off 'e flings 'is 'at an' coat, an' boots, an' takes 'old of a rope. "Sir!" we cries, "you shall not go; look at that sea, it's certain death? Wi' 'is own 'and, 'e ties the rope around 'is waist, a-wavin' us off as we press around 'im.

An' givin' one look towards the wreck, an' one look, bright an' quick, up to Heaven, he takes one step back, and then—into the wild surf 'e leaps! Wi' bated breath, an' strainin' eyes, we watch the strugglin' swimmer—beaten an' buffeted—tossed 'ither an' thither. "Can 'e ever reach the ship?" To us on shore it seems impossible!! But God himself, sir, must a' fill'd that brave young 'eart wi' stren'th for the darin' deed. We can 'ear the poor fellows on the wreck a-wavin' 'im on, wi' wild an' thankful cries, but we on shore are silent; our 'earts are too full for word or sound. At last, thank God!!! We sends up a shout, as I can almost 'ear yet, for the swimmer 'as reach'd the wreck!!! Well, sir, by that there rope ev'ry soul on board the "San Perdro" was saved. And now, pale, and bruised, and bleeding, last o' all there comes ashore young Parson Brown!! Ev'ry man an' 'ooman eager to see 'is face, an' shake 'is 'and!!! "Mates," says old Cockles, "I can't say much, but wot I do say is," an' 'e takes tight 'old o' young Brown's 'and, "wot I do say is, God bless our minister!" An' then, sir, we all sends up a universal shout—"God bless our minister!!"

A-beggin' your pardon, as I knows for to be a 'Stablist'd Church parson, but that was the way as 'ow we elected our minister that time.—*Robert Overton.*

ESCAPE OF SIR ARTHUR AND MISS WARDOUR.

ADAPTED FROM "THE ANTIQUARY."

SIR ARTHUR WARDOUR and his daughter had gone to dine with Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, the Antiquary ; being a lovely evening, they resolved to walk home by the shore. Following the windings of the beach, they found themselves under a huge extent of rocky headlands, which rose to the height of two or three hundred feet ; when the sun became almost obscured, and a lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene light of a summer evening. The wind came out in wild and fitful gusts, and the mass of waters, so lately calm, now formed waves, which burst upon the shore with a sound resembling distant thunder.

The rapid advance of the tide, and this sudden change of weather appalled them. As they pressed forward, they observed some one on the beach coming towards them ; the advancing figure made many signs, but the haze of the atmosphere rendered them indistinct and incomprehensible. Sometime before they met, Sir Arthur recognised the old blue-gown beggar, Edie Ochiltree. "Turn back ! turn back !! Why didna ye turn when I waved to ye ?"

"We are going round by Halket Head, my good man."

"Halket Heid ! Halket Heid ! It was a' I could dae to win roond it, twenty minutes syn'. The tide's comin' in three feet abreist. Back ! back ! it's oor only chance. I heard ye was here ; an' when I lookit at the lift, an' the run

o' the tide, I couldna bide to think o' the dainty young leddy's danger, wha' has aye been sae kind to ilka forlorn heart that cam' near her. But I doubt, I doubt, I've been beguiled. Mak' haste, mak' haste, my winsome leddy. Tak' haud o' my airm, auld an' frail though it be, an' we may dae weel yet, for a' that's come an' gane." They pressed back bravely; but, when the breakers rose in foam against the dark brow of the precipice, old Edie exclaimed, "God hae mercy on us! We're lost!"

"My child! my child! to die such a death!"

"Dear father! and you, too, old man, have lost your life in trying to save ours!"

"That's no worth the coontin', my winsome leddy; here, or yonder, at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the bosom o' a wave, what signifies whaur the auld gaberlunzie dees."

"My good man, can you think of nothing! of no help! I'll give you a farm. I'll make you rich."

"Oor riches, Sir Arthur, will sune be equal. They are indeed sae already; for I hae nae land, an' ye would gie your hail barony, for a square yard o' rock, that would be dry for twal' hours. I was a bauld craigsman ance in my days, but it's lang, lang sin syne. No, no! Nae mortal could spiel thae rocks without a rape, an' if I had a rape, my e'e-sicht, an' my fute-step, an' my hand-grip, hae a' failed me. There was a path here ance——. His name be praised!!! There's some ane comin' doon the Craig, e'en noo!! You're richt, sir! You're richt! That gate, that gate.

Fasten the rape weel roon' auld Crummie's horn! That's yon muckle big stane there. That's it—that'll dae. Canny, canny! Guidsave! tak' time, an' tak' tent. Vera weel. Noo, wi' your help an' the rape's thegither, I'll win at ye; an' we'll get up the young leddy, an' Sir Arthur." Young Lovell, for he it was, lowered the ends of two strong ropes he had with him; one of which old Edie secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her first in his old blue-gown. With the aid of the other rope, the brave old man now ascended the face of the precipice, and after one or two marvellous escapes, stood safe beside young Lovell. They were now able to raise Miss Wardour; Lovell then descended to help Sir Arthur, and, mounting again, they raised him also, beyond the reach of the billows, which even now o'erflowed the beach on which they had so lately stood; the spray flew as high as their place of refuge. "The lassie," said old Edie, "the puir sweet lassie; many's the nicht like this, *I* hae wather'd, but hoo can *she* ever win through't?"

"I'll climb up," said Lovell, "and get more assistance."

"Are ye mad!" said old Edie, "are ye mad! It's God's grace, an' a great miracle besides, that ye're no in the middle o' that roarin' sea; but tae venture up again, it's a mere an' a clear temptin' o' Providence."

"I have no fear, my friend; I'll go."

"Deil be in my feet, then; if ye gang, I'll gang tae."

"No, no, we can't both go."

"Stay yoursell, then, an' I'll gang. Let death spare the green corn, an' tak' the ripe."

“Stay, both of you,” said Miss Wardour, “I implore you ; I can pass the night very well here.”

“Hark !” said Lovell ; “Hark ! What sound is that ?”

“The skreigh o’ a Tammie Norie ; I ken the skirl well.”

“No ! it was a human voice, and see ! the gleam of torches.” On the verge of the cliff an anxious company had now assembled. The Antiquary was the foremost, leaning over the very brink. “Hilli-ho ! Hilli-ho ! I see them, Mucklebackit.”

“I see them mysell, weel eneuch,” said Mucklebackit, an old smuggler ; “d’ye think ye’ll help them ony, wi’ skirlin’ that gate. Steenie, lad, bring the mast here, an’ we’ll sune bouse them up.” The mast of a boat was soon fixed in the ground, with a yard across, a rope, and a block at each end ; and lastly an arm-chair, well secured, was lowered to the sufferers. Miss Wardour was first tied to the chair, with Lovell’s neckcloth, and old Edie’s leathern belt.

“Now, then, lads,” cried the old smuggler, “bouse awa’ wi’ her ! Canny, canny ! Swerve the yard a bit—Hurrah ! There she sits safe on dry land !” The Antiquary, in his exuberance of joy, took off his great-coat to wrap round the young lady, and would have pulled off his under-coat and vest also, had not Caxton, the old barber, withheld him. “Haud a care, haud a care, Monkbarns ! Your honour will be killed wi’ the hoast, an’ then there will be but ae wig left in the parish, an’ that’s but the minister’s.”

“You are right, you are right, my prince of barbers. Miss Wardour, let me convey you to the carriage.”

“Not till I have seen my father safe.”

“Right, right; that’s right, too. I should like to see him safe myself; and here he comes, here he comes. Welcome! welcome! my good old friend, though I can’t say to warm land, or to dry land, yet to safe land. A cord for ever against fifty fathom of water. Sir Arthur, you have dangled at a rope’s end for once in your life. What have we here? What patched and weather-beaten matter is this? What! is it thou, old Edie? Who, then, is the other?”

“Ane that’s worth twa o’ us, Monkbarns,—he’s behaved this blessed nicht, as if he had three lives, and was willin’ to lose them a’ to save ither folks’.” Lovell was now safely landed. Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour at once drove home, Eadie Ochiltree was hustled off to the old Smuggler’s house; the Antiquary laid hold of Lovell—“Why, man, you have been a hero—a perfect Sir William Wallace, by all accounts; you shall go home with me to Monkbarns.”

“No, thanks; I must go back to Fairport.”

“Not a step, not a pace, not an inch!”

“My dear sir, I am wet to the skin.”

“Shalt have my dressing-gown, and slippers, man, and catch the antiquarian fever, as men do the plague, by wearing infected garments. Shalt have the remains of a glorious chicken-pie, and a bottle of my oldest port.”

“Nay, but really, my dear sir ——”

“Nay, nay, nay! I’ll take no denial. So come along, my young Sir William Wallace; come along, and welcome to Monkbarns.”—*Sir Walter Scott.*

**STUDIES IN
DIALOGUE AND SCENE.**

*STUDIES IN DIALOGUE AND
SCENE.*

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this—you have condemned and noted Lucius Pella, for taking bribes here of the Sardians ; wherein my letters (praying on his side, because I knew the man) were slighted of,

Bru. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet that every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself are much condemned to have an itching palm ; to sell and mart your offices for gold, to undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ! You know that you are Brutus that speak this ; or, by the gods, this speech were else your last !

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption, and chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March, remember ! Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ? What villain touched his body, that did stab, and not for justice ? What ! shall one of us, that struck the foremost man of all this

world, but for supporting robbers,—shall we now contaminate our fingers with base bribes, and sell the mighty space of our large honours, for so much trash as may be graspèd thus? I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me! I'll not endure it; you forget yourself to hedge me in: I am a soldier, I; older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am!

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break; go, show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humour? By the gods! you shall digest the venom of your spleen, though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, when you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier; let it appear so:

make your vaunting true, and it shall please me well. For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus; I said an elder soldier, not a better;—did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me!

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for!

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.—There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; for I am armed so strong in honesty, that they pass by me as the idle wind, which I respect not. I did send to you for certain sums of gold, which you denied me; for I can raise no money by vile means. I had rather coin my heart, and drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring, from the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash, by any indirection. I did send to you for gold to pay my legions, which you denied me: was that done like Cassius? Should I have answered Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, to lock such rascal-counters from his friends, be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts, dash him to pieces!

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Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not;—he was but a fool that brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, but Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not?

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not,—though they do appear as huge as high Olympus!

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come! revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, for Cassius is a-weary of the world; hated by one he loves—braved by his brother—checked like a bondman—all his faults observed, set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote, to cast into my teeth—O, I could weep my spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger, and here my naked breast; within, a heart dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!—if that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth. I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart; strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know, when thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger. Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; do what you will, dishonour shall be humour. O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb, that carries anger as the flint bears fire; which much

enforcèd, shows a hasty spark—and straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived to be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, when grief and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus! Have you not love enough to bear with me, when that rash humour which my mother gave me, makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, when you are over-earnest with your Brutus, he'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.—*Shakespeare.*

ROSALIND AND ORLANDO.

Ros. (aside). I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Hem! Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well. What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir; Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though he goes as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With yon shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many : but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank my stars I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ?

Ros. There were none principal ; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No ; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked : I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation;—but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress: and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant; full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live.—Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—*Shakespeare.*

Capt. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Hark ye, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led, when I have my own way:—but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Now hang me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word; not one word! so give me your promise by a nod. And I'll tell you what, Jack—if you don't—

Capt. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness!

Sir A. Zounds, sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew. She shall be all this, sirrah! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes.

Capt. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir ; I know you are laughing in your sleeve ; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah !

Capt. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir ! none of your violence, if you please—it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir !—I know you are in a passion in your heart ; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog—but it won't do.

Capt. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir A. So you will fly out ! can't you be cool, like me ? What good can passion do ? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate !—There, you sneer again !—don't provoke me ! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you play upon the meekness of my disposition ! Yet, take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last—but mark ! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this : if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—I may in time forgive you—if not, don't enter the same hemisphere with me ; don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me ; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own ! I'll strip you of your commission ; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you ! and hang me ! if ever I call you Jack again !

[*Exit* Sir ANTHONY.]

Capt. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I dare not trust him with the truth, that I am already engaged.

II.—THE RECONCILIATION.

Capt. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed! Whimsical enough, 'faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters; however I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden; indeed; but I can assure him, it is very sincere. So, so, here he comes: he looks plaguy gruff.

[*Enter Sir ANTHONY.*]

Sir A. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him! At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper—an obstinate—passionate—self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for putting him at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a-year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him—he's anybody's son for me—I'll never see him more—never—never—never—never.

Capt. Now for a penitential face!

Sir A. Fellow, get out of my way!

Capt. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir A. I see an impudent scoundrel behind me.

Capt. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir A. What's that?

Capt. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and

considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir A. Well, sir?

Capt. I have been likewise weighing, and balancing, what you were pleased to mention, concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir A. Well, sir?

Capt. Why, then, sir, the result of my reflections, is a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir A. Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense! I never heard anything more sensible in my life. You shall be Jack again.

Capt. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir A. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish.

Capt. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir A. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our county just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Capt. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet stay, I think I do recollect something—Languish—Languish—she squints, don't she? A little red-haired girl?

Sir A. Squints! A red-haired girl: Zounds: no!

Capt. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir A. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir A. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! O, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting—more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck! O, Jack! Jack!

Capt. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir A. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. The aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I wouldn't have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire.

Capt. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir A. To please my father—not to please —.

Capt. Your father, sir?

Sir A. O, my father!—yes, yes; if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter. Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. I dare say not, sir!

Sir A. But, Jack, you're not sorry to find your mistress so beautiful?

Capt. Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, 'tis all

I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back; and, though one eye may be very agreeable, yet, as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir A. Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! a vile, insensible stock! You a soldier! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life, I have a great mind to marry the girl myself.

Capt. I am entirely at your disposal, sir. If you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or, if you should change your mind, and take the old lady, 'tis the same to me, I'll marry the niece.

Sir A. Upon my word, Jack, thou art either a very great hypocrite, or—but come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come now, confound your demure face; come, confess, Jack, you have been lying—han't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey? I'll never forgive you if you han't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Capt. I am sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir A. Hang your respect and duty! But come along

with me. I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along. I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back, stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't—I'll marry the girl myself.—*Sheridan.*

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER AND BOB ACRES.

I.—THE CHALLENGE.

Sir Lucius. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir L. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. 'Faith I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L. Pray what is the case? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius:—I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival—and receive for answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir L. Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter! She has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L. Then sure you know what is to be done?

Acres. Done—not I.

Sir L. We wear no swords here—but you understand me.

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir L. Aye, to be sure; what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L. Now I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another, than to fall in love with the same woman? It is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man I never saw him in my life.

Sir L. That's no argument at all—he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. That's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius,—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it. But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir L. What signifies *right* when your *honour* is concerned! Do you think Achilles or my little Alexander the

Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart : I believe courage must be catching ! I certainly do feel a kind of valour arising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers ! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir L. Ah, my little friend, if we had Blunderbuss-hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man. For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too !—every man of them colonel, or captain in the militia ! Odds balls and barrels ! say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast ! Zounds ! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"—

Sir L. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case ; these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage !—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. Indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin ? Odds bullets and blades ! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir L. Pray compose yourself. Begin now. "Sir"—

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir L. "To prevent the confusion which might arise"—

Acres. "To prevent the confusion which might arise"—

Well? —

Sir L. "From our both addressing the same lady"—

Acres. Aye, Sir Lucius! That's the reason! "Same lady." Well? —

Sir L. "I shall expect the honour of your company"—

Acres. Zounds, I'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir L. Pray be easy.

Acres. Well, then, "honour of your company" —

Sir L. "To settle our pretensions" —

Acres. "To settle our pretensions"—Well?

Sir L. Let me see—ay, "in King's Mead-fields."

Acres. "In King's Mead-fields."—So, that's down; my own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir L. You see now, this little explanation will put a stop at once, to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir L. I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening, if you can; then, let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind in the morning.

Acres. Very true.

Sir L. Remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword. Good morning, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Good morning, Sir Lucius. [*Exit Sir LUCIUS.*]
If the worst comes to the worst, it certainly *shall* be off my mind in the morning.

II.—THE DUEL

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance.—Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir L. It is for muskets, or small field-pieces;—upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me.—Stay, now—I'll show you. (*Measures six paces.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. We might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius—but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards —

Sir L. Pho, pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled, and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before.

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before, (*aside*) and never will again, if I get out of this.

Sir L. Ah, that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I've practised that. There, Sir Lucius, there—a side-front, hey?—Odd! I'll make myself small enough—I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now, you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim——

Acres. Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acres. But—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pho! be easy.—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But, there—fix yourself so; let him see the broadside of your full front. Oh, bother! do you call that the broadside of your front? There—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Lookye! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. Sure they don't mean to disappoint us.

Acres (aside). I hope they do.

Sir L. I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey?—what!—coming!

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius?—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir L. Run.

Acres. No, I say—we *won't* run, by my valour!

Sir L. What's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear

Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O fie! consider your honour.

Acres. Ay, true—my honour—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming.

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me—valour will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes, my valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honour—your honour. Here they are.

Acres. Then I'm off. [Exit ACRES.]

Sir L. Well! upon my conscience, his valour has certainly oozed away with a vengeance.—*Sheridan.*

ROB ROY.

Scene—A CELL IN THE TOLBOOTH OF GLASGOW.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE—ROB ROY—MR. OWEN—FRANCIS
OSBALDISTONE.

Bailie (looking back). I'll ca' when I want ye, Stanchells. Dougal shall mak' a' fast, or I'll mak' him fast, the scoundrel! A bonnie thing, and beseemin', that I should be kept at the door half an hour, knockin' as hard to get into jail as onybody else would be to get out o't. How's this?

Strangers in the Tolbooth after lock-up hours! Keep the door lockit, you Dougal cratur'—I'll sune talk to these gentlemen; but I maun first hae a crack wi' an auld acquaintance. Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen, how's a' wi' ye, man?

Owen. Pretty well in body, Mr. Jarvie, I thank you, but sore afflicted in spirit.

Bailie. Ay, ay, we're a' subject to downfa's, Mr. Owen, as my worthy faither, the Deacon—rest and bless him!—used to say. “Nick,” said he (ye maun ken his name was Nicol, as weel as mine, so the folks in their daffin used to ca' us Young Nick and Auld Nick): “Young Nick,” said he, “never put oot your arm farther than you can draw it easily back again.”

Owen. You need not have called these things to my memory in such a situation, Mr. Nicol Jarvie.

Bailie. What! do you think I cam' oot at sic a time o' nicht to tell a fa'in' man of his backslidin's? No, no, that's no Bailie Jarvie's way, nor his worthy faither's, the Deacon—rest and bless him!—afore him. I sune discovered what lodgings your *freends* had provided you, Mr. Owen—but gi'e us your list, man, and let us see how things stand between us, while I rest my shanks. [*Rob Roy sits on table and whistles.*] That's a vera queer chiel'; he seems unco' near his ain fireside. Sit still, sir,—I'll talk to you by-and-by.

Owen. There, sir, you'll find the balance in the wrong column—for us—but you'll please to consider—

Bailie. There's nae time to consider, Mr. Owen—it's plain you owe me siller; but I canna see how you'll clear

it aff by snorin' here in the Tolbooth. Noo, sir, if you'll promise no to flee the country, you shall be at liberty in the mornin'.

Owen. O, sir! O, Mr. Jarvie!

Bailie. I'm a carefu' man as ony in the Sautmarket, and I'm a prudent man, as my worthy faither the Deacon was before me; but rather than that double-faced dog, MacVittie, shall keep an honest, civil gentleman by the heels, I'se be your bail mysel'. There, there, you've said enough. But, in the name o' misrule, how got ye companions?—Eh! my conscience! it's impossible! and yet! I'm clean bam-baized! *You!* ye robber—ye cateran—ye cheat-the-gallows rogue!

Owen. Bless me! it's my poor friend, Mr. Campbell—a very honest man, Mr. Jarv—

Bailie. Honest! my conscience! *you* in the Glasgow Tolbooth! What d'ye think's the value o' your head?

Rob. Umph! why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, one Provost, four Bailies, a Town-clerk, and sax Deacons.

Bailie. Sax Deacons! Was there ever sic a born deevil? But tell owre your sins, sir, for if I but say the word—

Rob. True, Bailie, but ye will never say that word.

Bailie. And why suld I not, sir? Why suld I not?

Rob. For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvie—first for auld langsyne.

Bailie. Ay, Rab!

Rob. Second, for the goodwife ayont the fire, that made some mixture of our bluids—

Bailie. Weel, Rab?

Rob. And lastly, Bailie—

Bailie. Ay, Rab?

Rob. Because, if I saw a sign o' your betraying me, I would plaster that wa' with your brains, ere the hand of man could rescue you.

Owen. Oh, dear!

Bailie. My conscience! Weel, weel, Rab! it would be quite as unpleasant for me to hae my head knocked aboot, as it would be discreditab' to string up a kinsman in a hempen cravat; but if it hadna been yoursel', Rab, I'd hae grippit the best man in the Highlands.

Rob. Ye wad hae tried, Bailie.

Bailie. Ay, "I wad hae tried, Bailie"—but wha's this? (to Francis.) Anither honest man, I reckon.

Owen. This, good Sir, is Mr. Francis Osbaldistone.

Bailie. O, I've heard o' this spark—run away from his faither, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by—weel, sir, what do you say to your handiwork?

Francis. My dislike to the commercial profession, Mr. Jarvie, is a feeling of which I am the best, and sole judge.

Owen. Oh, dear!

Rob. It's manfully spoken, and I honour the callant for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and sic-like mechanical persons. Mr. Osbaldistone, you must visit me in the glens; and cousin, if you daur venture to show him the way—

Bailie. Catch me!

Rob. And eat a leg o' red-deer venison wi' me—

Bailie. No, thank ye, Rab.

Rob. I'll pay you the two hundred pounds I owe you ; and you can leave Mr. Owen the while, to do the best he can in Glasgow.

Bailie. Say nae mair, Rab—say nae mair. I'll gang wi' you ; but you maun gaurantee me safe hame again to the Sautmarket.

Rob. There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile you. But I must be budging, Cousin, for the air of the Glasgow Tolbooth is not ower salutary to a Highlander's constitution.

Bailie. Noo, to think that I should be aidin' and abettin' an escape frae justice. It'll be a disgrace to me and mine, and the memory o' my worthy faither the Deacon—rest and bless him!—for ever.

Rob. Hout, tout, man! when the dirt's dry it will rub out again. Your faither could look ower a friend's faults, and why not your faither's son.

Bailie. So he could, Robin, so he could ; he was a gude man, the Deacon. Ye mind him, Rab, dinna ye ?

Rob. Troth, do I—he was a weaver, and wrought my first pair o' hose.

Bailie. Tak' care his son doesna weave your last cravat. Ye've a lang craig for a gibbet, Rab. But whaur's that Dougal cratur' ?

Rob. If he is the lad I think him, he has not waited your thanks for his share of this night's work.

Bailie. What, gane! and left me locked up in a jail for a nicht? I'll hang the Hieland blackguard as high as Haman.

Rob. When ye catch him, Bailie, when ye catch him. But see, he ken'd an open door wad serve me at a pinch. Come, Bailie, speak the password.

Bailie. Stanchells, let this stranger out—he—he's——

Rob. He's a what?

Bailie. He's a friend o' mine. My conscience! an' a bonny friend he is.

Rob. Fare-ye-weel! Be early wi' me at Aberfoyle.

“Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee.”

[*Exit* ROB ROY.]

Bailie. So that Dougal cratur' was an agent o' Rab's! I shouldna wonder if he has ane in ilka jail in Scotland. (*Whistling without.*) Do you hear the Hieland deevils whistlin', without ony regard for Sunday or Saturday. I fancy they think themsells on the skirts o' Ben Lomond already. Weel, I hae dune things this blessed nicht that my worthy faither the Deacon, rest and bless him! wadna hae believed—but there's balm in Gilead! there's balm in Gilead! Mr. Owen, I hope to see you at breakfast in the mornin'. Eh! why the man's fast.

Francis. And the sooner we depart, and follow his example, sir, the better, for it must be near midnight.

Bailie. Midnight! My conscience!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

(EXTRACTS.)

(By kind permission of Messrs. GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS.)

JULIE DE MORTIMAR (*Ward to Richelieu*)—CARDINAL RICHELIEU—
ADRIEN DE MAUPRAT—JOSEPH, *a monk (Richelieu's Confidant)*
—HUGUET (*an officer of Richelieu's Household Guard*).

RICHELIEU—JOSEPH.

Richelieu. And so you think this new conspiracy the craftiest trap yet laid for the old fox; Fox! Well, I like the nick-name.

Jos. Orleans heads the traitors.

Rich. A very wooden head, then—well?

Jos. The favourite, Count Baradas—

Rich. A weed of hasty growth—it cost me six long winters, to mount as high as in six little moons, this painted lizard—but I hold the ladder, and when I shake, he falls. What more?

Jos. A scheme to make your orphan ward an instrument to aid your foes. Your ward has charmed the king.

Rich. Out on you!! Have I not, one by one, from such fair shoots, plucked the insidious ivy of his love. The king must have no goddess, but the State—the State—that's Richelieu.

Jos. This is not the worst. Baradas—

Rich. I have another Bride for Baradas.

Jos. You, my lord?

Rich. Ay, more faithful than the love of fickle woman—
when the head lies lowliest, clasping him fondest.

[*Enter HUGUET.*]

Hug. Mademoiselle de Mortimar.

Rich. Most opportune; admit her—[*Exit HUGUET.*]—
In my closet you'll find a rosary, Joseph. Ere you tell
three hundred beads I'll summon you—Stay, Joseph! I did
omit an *Ave* in my matins—a grievous fault—atone it for
me, Joseph. There is a scourge within. I am weak, you
strong—it were but charity to take my sin on such broad
shoulders.

Jos. I guilty of such criminal presumption as to mistake
myself for you! No, never think it. (*aside*) I' faith, a
pleasant invitation. [Exit JOSEPH.]

[*Enter JULIE DE MORTIMAR.*]

Jul. Cardinal! are you gracious? May I say Father?

Rich. Now, and ever.

Jul. Father! a sweet word to an orphan.

Rich. No! Not orphan, while Richelieu lives. Thy
father loved me well, my friend, ere I had flatterers. He
died young in years, not service, and bequeathed thee to
me; and thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy thy mate
amidst the mightiest. Drooping? Sighs! Art thou not
happy at the Court?

Jul. Not often.

Rich. Thou art admired, art young, does not the king
commend thy beauty?—ask thee to sing to him?

Jul. He's very tiresome, our worthy king.

Rich. Fie! kings are never tiresome—save to their ministers.

[*Enter HUGUET.*]

Hug. The Chevalier de Mauprat waits below.

Jul. De Mauprat!

Rich. H'm! he has been tiresome too—anon!

[*Exit HUGUET.*]

Jul. What doth he? I mean—does your Eminence—that is—know you Monsieur de Mauprat?

Rich. Well! and you? has he addressed you often?

Jul. Often? No, nine times—nay, ten—the last time by the lattice of the great staircase. The Court sees him but rarely.

Rich. A bold and forward royster!

Jul. He! Nay! modest, gentle, and sad, methinks.

Rich. Wears gold and azure?

Jul. No! sable.

Rich. So, you note his colours, Julie? Shame on you, child! look loftier. By the Mass! I have business with this modest gentleman.

Jul. You are angry with poor Julie. There's no cause.

Rich. No cause! You hate my foes?

Jul. I do.

Rich. Hate Mauprat.

Jul. Not Mauprat! no, not Adrien, Father.

Rich. Adrien! familiar—go, child—not that way—wait in the tapestry chamber—I will join you—go!

Jul. His brows are knit. I dare not call him Father—
but I must speak. Your Eminence!

Rich. Well?

Jul. Do not rank de Mauprat with your foes. He is
not, I know he is not; he loves France too well.

Rich. Not rank de Mauprat with my foes? so be it. I'll
blot him from that list.

Jul. That's my own Father. [Exit JULIE.]

Rich. Huguet! [*Enter HUGUET.*] De Mauprat struggled
not nor murmured?

Hug. No; proud and passive.

Rich. Bid him enter. Hold! Look he hide no weapon.
When he has entered, place thyself yonder, and watch him.
If he show violence—(Let me see thy carbine—so—a good
weapon)—If he play the lion, why—the dog's death.

Hug. I never miss my mark. [Exit HUGUET.]
[RICHELIEU *sits at table and arranges papers.* *Enter*
HUGUET and DE MAUPRAT—HUGUET *retires behind*
screen.]

Rich. Approach, sir! Can you call to mind the hour,
now three years since, when in this room, methinks, your
presence honoured me?

Mauprat. It is, my lord, one of my most —

Rich. Delightful recollections.

Mauprat (aside). Doth he make a jest of axe and
headsman?

Rich. I did then accord you a mercy ill required; you
still live.

Mauprat. To meet death face to face at last.

Rich. Your words are bold—Adrien de Mauprat, doomed to sure death; how hast thou since consumed the time allotted thee for serious thought, and solemn penitence?

Mauprat. The time, my lord?

Rich. Is not the question plain? *I'll* answer for thee. Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine; no sack-cloth chafed thy delicate flesh; the rosary and the death's-head have not, with pious meditation, purged earth from thy carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done, brief told; what *done*, a volume. Wild debauch, turbulent riot; for the morn the dice-box, noon claimed the duel, and the night the wassail. Do I wrong you, sir?

Mauprat. My lord, I was not always thus; if changed my nature, blame that which changed my fate. Were you accurs'd with that which you inflicted, night and day, by bed and board, dogg'd by one ghastly spectre, the while within you, youth beat high, and life grew lovelier from the neighbouring frown of death; were this *your* fate, perchance you would have erred like *me*.

Rich. I might, like you, have been a brawler, and a reveller; not like you, a trickster and a thief.

Mauprat. Lord Cardinal! Unsay these words. [Huguet steps out, and slowly takes aim.]

Rich. Not quite so quick, friend Huguet; Monsieur de Mauprat is a patient man, and he can wait. [HUGUET retires.] You have outrun your fortune; I blame you not that you would be a beggar—each to his taste. But I do charge you,

sir, that, being beggar'd, you would coin false moneys out of that crucible called debt. To live on means not yours, be brave in silks and laces, gallant in steeds, magnificent in banquets; all *not yours*—ungiven, unherited, unpaid for. This is to be a trickster; and to filch men's art and labour, which to them is wealth, life, daily bread; quitting all scores with,—“Friend, you're troublesome!” Why this—forgive me—is what, when done with a less dainty grace, plain folks call theft (*reading paper*). You owe eight thousand pistoles, minus one crown, two liards.

Mauprat (aside). The old Conjuror!

Rich. This is scandalous! Shaming your birth and blood. I tell you, sir, that you must pay your debts.

Mauprat. With all my heart, my lord; where shall I borrow then the money?

Rich (aside). A humorous dare-devil; the very man to suit my purpose, ready, frank and bold.—Adrien de Mauprat! Men have called me cruel. I am not, I am just; I found France rent asunder; the rich men, despots; and the poor, banditti. Sloth in the mart, and schism in the temple; brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws rotting away with rust in antique sheaths. I have re-created France, and, from the ashes of the old feudal and effete carcass, Civilization, on her luminous wings, soars Phoenix-like to Jove. What was my art? Genius some say, some Fortune—Witchcraft some. Not so, my art was justice! Force and fraud misname it cruelty. You shall confute them, my champion you. You met me as my foe, depart my friend; you shall

not die. France needs you—you shall wipe off all stains—be rich, be honoured, be great. I ask, sir, in return, this hand, to gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match, yet not exceed her beauty.

Mauprat. My lord, I—I have no wish to marry.

Rich. Surely, sir, to die were worse?

Mauprat. The poorest *coward* must die—but knowingly to march to marriage, my lord, it asks the courage of a *lion*.

Rich. Adrien de Mauprat! I know all. Thou hast dared to love my ward! my charge!

Mauprat. As rivers may love the sunlight, basking in the beams and hurrying on.

Rich. Renounce her. Take life and fortune with another. Silent?

Mauprat. Your fate has been one triumph. You know not how blest a thing it was in my dark hour, to nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish. Base knight, false lover he who bartered all that brightened grief, and sanctified despair, for life and gold. Revoke your mercy, I prefer the fate I looked for.

Rich. Huguet! [HUGUET comes down.] To the Tapestry chamber conduct your prisoner! [To DE MAUPRAT.] You will there behold the executioner. Your doom be private, and Heaven have mercy on you!

Mauprat. When I'm dead—tell her, I loved her.

Rich. Keep such follies, sir, for fitter ears. Go!

[Exit DE MAUPRAT followed by HUGUET.]

Rich. Joseph! [*Enter JOSEPH.*] Methinks your cheek hath lost its rubies, Joseph. I fear you have been too lavish of the flesh; the scourge is heavy.

Jos. I pray you, change the subject.

Rich. You good men are so modest. Well, to business. Bid my stewards arrange my house by the Luxembourg, a bridal present to my ward, who weds to-morrow.

Jos. Weds!! With whom?

Rich. De Mauprat.

Jos. H'm! A penniless husband.

Rich. Bah! The mate for beauty should be a man, not a money-chest. When her brave sire lay on his bed of death, I vowed to be a father to his Julie; and so he died, the smile upon his lips; and, when I spared the life of her young lover, methought I saw that smile again. He has honour, and courage; besides, he has taste, this Mauprat;—When my play was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers, who had no soul for poetry, I saw *him* applaud at the proper places. Trust me, Joseph, he is a man of most uncommon promise.

Jos. And yet your foe.

Rich. Have I not foes, enow? Great men gain doubly when they make foes, friends;—Remember my grand maxims; first, employ all methods to conciliate.

Jos. Failing these?

Rich. All means to crush! As with the opening and the clenching of this little hand, I will crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.

Jos. And when check the conspiracy?

Rich. Check! Check! Full way to it! Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day; and burst to fruit. The Dead Sea's fruit of ashes! Ashes which I will scatter to the wind. Go, Joseph; when you return I have a feast for you—the last great act of my great play. [*Exit* JOSEPH.]

[*Enter* JULIE and MAUPRAT.]

Mauprat. Oh, speak, my lord. I dare not think you mock me—and yet—

Rich. Eh!! How now? Oh, sir, you live?

Julie. My father! from my heart for ever now, I'll blot the name of orphan.

Rich. My children! Ye are mine—mine both—and in your sweet and young delight, your love; my own lost youth breathes musical — Go, my children, be lovers while ye may — How is't with *you*, sir? You bear it bravely— You know it asks, “the courage of a lion!!”

[*Exit* JULIE and MAUPRAT.]

Oh, God-like power! Woe, rapture, penury, wealth; marriage and death; for one infirm old man, through a great empire to dispense, withhold, as the will whispers. And shall things like motes, that live in my daylight, lackeys of court wages! dwarfed starvelings! mannikins! upon whose shoulders, the burden of a province were a load more heavy than the globe of Atlas, cast lots for my robes and sceptre? France! I love thee! All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart. My wedded wife! Sweet France! Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me?

—*Lord Lytton.*

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

(EXTRACTS.)

(By kind permission of the Author.)

Scene—PYGMALION'S STUDIO.

I.

PYGMALION (*a Sculptor*)—CYNISCA (*his Wife*)—GALATEA
(*a Marble Statue*).

Cyn. It all but breathes! Now mark thou this Pygmalion, while I'm away from thee; there stands my only representative, and I charge you, sir, be faithful unto her, as unto me. If thoughts of love should haply crowd on thee, there stands my other self—tell them to her—she'll listen well, *she* hath no temper, sir, and hath no tongue. Thou hast thy license, make good use of it—already I'm half jealous—p'sha! the thing is but a statue after all. Pygmalion, farewell!!

Pyg. Farewell, Cynisca!! [*Exit CYNISCA.*] "The thing is but a statue after all!" Cynisca little thought that in these words, she touched the key-note of my discontent. True, I have powers denied to other men. Give me a block of senseless marble; well, it shall contain a man, a woman, child—a dozen men and women, if I will. So far the gods and I run neck and neck. Nay, so far, I can beat them at their trade. I am no bungler; all the men I make are straight-limb fellows, all my women goddesses, in outward form. But there's my tether—I can go so far, and go no farther; at that point I stop. To curse the bonds that hold

me sternly back, to curse the arrogance of those proud gods who say, thou shalt be greatest among men, and yet infinitesimally small.

Gal. Pygmalion !

Pyg. Who called ?

Gal. Pygmalion !!

Pyg. Ye gods ! I have my prayer.

Gal. Pygmalion !!!

Pyg. It speaks ! It lives !! My Galatea breathes !!!

Gal. Where am I ? Give me thy hand—both hands.

How soft and warm. Whence came I ?

Pyg. From yonder pedestal.

Gal. And where am I now ?

Pyg. Born into the world, by miracle !

Gal. But how came I to be ?

Pyg. Well, let me see—I modelled you in clay ; my artisans then roughed you out in marble ; I brought my artistic skill to bear on you, and made you what you are, in all but life. The gods, they finished what I had begun, and gave the only gift I could not give—life.

Gal. Then, this is life ?

Pyg. It is.

Gal. And not long since I was a cold, dull stone.

Pyg. And now thou art a woman, perfect in thy loveliness.

Gal. Am I a woman ?

Pyg. There's no doubt of that.

Gal. Art thou a woman ?

Pyg. No, I am a man.

Gal. What is a man?

Pyg. A being strongly framed to wait on women,—to work and toil for her that she may rest; to fight and die for her, that she may live.

Gal. And for these, men work, and toil, and fight, and die?

Pyg. Man works for those he loves.

Gal. Then, by thy work, I know thou lovest me.

Pyg. Indeed, I love thee.

Gal. With what kind of love?

Pyg. I love thee—as a sculptor loves his work.

Gal. My love is different in kind to thine; I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,—yet I do love thee!! Say, what love is mine?

Pyg. Tell me its symptoms, then, I'll answer thee.

Gal. Its symptoms! Let me call them as they come.—A sense that I am made by thee, for thee—That I have life, that I may live for thee—That I am thine—That thou and I are one. Say, what kind of love is that?

Pyg. A kind of love that I shall run some risk in dealing with.

Gal. And why, Pygmalion?

Pyg. Such love as thine a man may not receive, except from one who is, or is to be, his wife.

Gal. Then I will be thy wife.

Pyg. That may not be—I have a wife.

Gal. And yet thou lovest me?

Pyg. Who could look on that fair face and stifle love.

Gal. Then I am beautiful ?

Pyg. Indeed thou art.

Gal. I wish that I could look upon my face. But that's impossible.

Pyg. Not so. This mirror will reflect thy face.

Gal. How beautiful ! Believe me, love, I could look in this mirror all day long. Oh, happy maid, to be so passing fair, and happier still, Pygmalion, who can gaze at will upon so beautiful a face.

Pyg. Hush, Galatea ! In thine innocence thou sayest things which others would reprove.

Gal. Then is it wrong to think that one is exquisitely beautiful ?

Pyg. Well, it's a sentiment which every woman shares with thee ; they think it, but they keep it to themselves.

Gal. Is thy wife within ?

Pyg. No, she's not within.

Gal. But she'll come back ?

Pyg. O yes, she will come back.

Gal. How pleased she'll be when she returns, to know that there was some one here to fill her place.

Pyg. Yes, she'll be *extremely* pleased.

Gal. There is something in thy voice which says that thou art jesting. Is it possible to say one thing and mean another ?

Pyg. It's sometimes done.

Gal. How very wonderful ! Teach me the art.

Pyg. The art will come in time. (*Aside*—Let me be

brave, and put an end to this.) My wife will not be pleased. I may not love thee. I must send thee hence.

Gal. Was it for this that Heaven gave me life? Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love; that thou hast love for her alone. Alas! I know not of these things; I only know that Heaven, who sent me here, has given me one all-absorbing duty to discharge—to love thee, and to make thee love again.

Pyg. Galatea! it may not be. My sister shall provide thee with a home; her house is close at hand.

II.

CHRYSOS (*an Art Patron*)—DAPHNE (*his Wife*)—PYGMALION—
GALATEA—CYNISCA.

Chry. Where is the statue that I saw last time?

Pyg. O, it's unfinished—a clumsy thing—I'm ashamed of it.

Chry. I know it isn't good. There's want of tone, air and motion, light and shade.

Daph. Bethink yourself, my dear; that's said of painting, this is sculpture.

Chry. Eh? It's the same thing, the principle's the same. Now for the cost; let's see. What will it weigh?—a ton or thereabouts? Suppose we say a thousand drachmas!

Pyg. No, no, my lord, the work wants tone, and then, remember, sir, the light and shade.

Chry. O, it's horrible! But never mind, although the thing is poor, 'twill do to hold a candle in my hall.

Pyg. Excuse me, sir; poor though that statue be, I value it beyond all price.

Chry. Young man, are you aware, I gave but fifteen hundred for an Apollo twice as big as that?

Pyg. Pardon me, sir; a sculptor does not test the beauty of a figure by its bulk.

Daph. Young man, I'll not stay to hear my husband bullied. My dear, I'll wait for you outside. [*Exit* DAPHNE.]

Chry. I tell ye, sir, I will not be denied.

Pyg. And I tell you, sir, the statue's not for sale. [*Exit* PYGMALION.] Look here, young man. Why, the fellow's gone—confound it! If a patron of the Arts is thus to be dictated to by Art, what comes of that Art-patron's patronage? O upstart vanity of human kind! O pride of worms! O ponderosity of atoms! O substantiality of nothingness! He must be taught a lesson. Where's the statue? Why, it's gone? [*Enter* GALATEA.] Bless us—what's this?

Gal. Are you unwell?

Chry. No, I'm not unwell. I only fancied—pooh, pooh! ridiculous! And yet—it's very like. I should know your face. Haven't I seen you in —.

Gal. In marble? Very probably.

Chry. O, now I understand—Pygmalion's model.

Gal. Tell me—What are you?

Chry. What am I?

Gal Yes—I mean are you a man ?

Chry. Well, I'm told so.

Gal. Then believe them not, they've been deceiving you.

Chry. Oh, indeed !

Gal. Yes. A man is tall, and straight, and strong, with big brave eyes, and tender voice. I've seen one.

Chry. Have you ?

Gal. Yes.—You are not a man.

Chry. D'ye take me for a woman ?

Gal. A woman ? No ! a woman's soft, and weak, and exquisitely beautiful—I'm a woman. You are not like me—you are so round, and red, your eyes so small, your face so seared with lines ; and then you are so little, and so fat.

Chry. This is a most peculiar girl.

Gal. How awkwardly you sit. Pygmalion does not sit like that ; he always puts his arms around my waist.

Chry. Does he ?

Gal. Yes ; but you do not. Perhaps you don't know how ?

Chry. O yes ; I do know how.

Gal. Well ! do it then.

Chry. It's a strange whim, but I'll humour her.

[*Enter* DAPHNE.]

Daphne. Can I believe my eyes ! Who's this woman ?

Chry. Calm yourself, my dear. You know the statue, Galatea, it has come to life ; behold it here !

Daph. Bah ! D'ye think me mad ? [*Enter* PYGMALION.]
Young man, who is this woman ?

Pyg. She is my statue, Galatea, come to life.

Chry. (*aside to Pygmalion*). That's very good! go on, and keep it up.

[*Enter CYNISCO.*]

Cyn. I beg your pardon, I thought my husband was alone.

Daph. No doubt; I also thought *my* husband was alone.

Cyn. What's this? Impossible! and yet, the statue's gone! Pygmalion!—canst thou not speak?

Gal. O, madam! in every word, in every thought, he has obeyed thy wish. Thou bad'st him speak to me as unto thee, and he and I have sat as lovingly as if thou hadst been here.

Cyn. Pygmalion! Art thou dumb?

Gal. Bear with him, madam; he's not like this when he and I are sitting here alone: he has two voices, and two faces, madam.

Cyn. Thy wife against thine eyes. These are the stakes. Thou hast played thy game; and thou hast lost.

Pyg. Hear me, Cynisca! In an evil hour I prayed for power to give that statue life. My impious prayer aroused the outraged gods; they are my judges. Leave me in their hands; I have been false to them, but not to thee.—Spare me, Cynisca!

Cyn. O, pitiful adventurer! He dares to lose, but does not dare to pay. Hear me, ye gods! E'er I remember how I loved that man,—if he in thought or word hath been untrue—be just, and let him pay the penalty!

[PYGMALION *is struck blind.*]

Gal. O, madam, pity him!

Cyn. I know no pity, woman! The act that thawed thee into flesh, has hardened me into the stone from which thou cam'st—We have changed places—From this time forth be thou the wife, and I the senseless stone.

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

SCENE FROM RICHELIEU.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE & SON.*)

RICHELIEU—BARADAS—JOSEPH—JULIE.

Bar. My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence so far forgets your duty, and his greatness, as to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madam, obey the King!—no cause for fear!

Julie. My father!

Rich. She shall not stir!

Bar. You are not of her kindred—an orphan—

Rich. And her country is her mother!

Bar. The country is the King.

Rich. Ay, it is so?—

Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark, where she stands!—around her form I draw

The awful circle of our solemn Church !
 Set but a foot within that holy ground,
 And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
 I launch the curse of Rome !

Bar. I dare not brave you !
 I do but speak the orders of my King.
 The Church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
 Suffice you for resistance :—Blame yourself,
 If it should cost you power !

Rich. That *my* stake.
 Dark gamester ! *what is thine ?* Look to it well !—
 Lose not a trick.—By this same hour to-morrow
 Thou shalt have France, or I thy head !

Bar. (aside). He cannot have the Despatch ?
Joseph (aside to RICHELIEU). Patience is your game :
 Reflect, you have not the Despatch !

Rich. O ! monk ! monk !
 Leave Patience to the saints—for *I* am human !
 Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan ?
 And now they say thou hast *no* father !—Fie !
 Art thou not pure and good ?—if so, thou art
 A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—
 Which, in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
 By the great title of their mother country !

Bar. (aside). He wanders !

Rich. So ; cling close unto my breast. Here where thou
 droop'st lies France ! I am very feeble.—Of little use it
 seems to either now. Well, well—we will go home.

Bar. In sooth, my Lord, you do need rest—the burthens
of the State o'ertask your health!

Rich. (to JOSEPH). I'm patient, see!

Bar. (aside). His mind and life are breaking fast!

Rich. Irreverent ribald!

If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!

I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,

When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!

Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!

Walk blindfold on;—behind there stalks the headsman.

Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

[*Falls back in JOSEPH's arms.*]

—*Lord Lytton.*

